The Outlook

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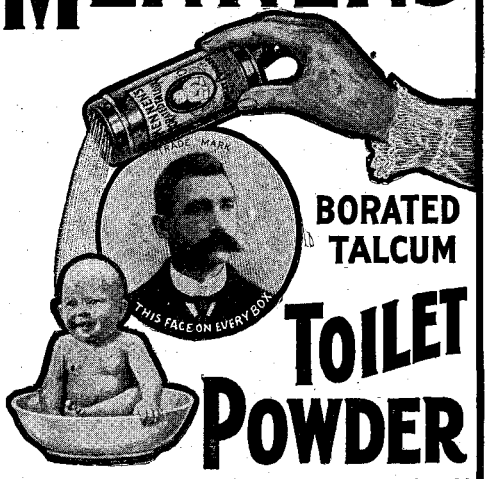

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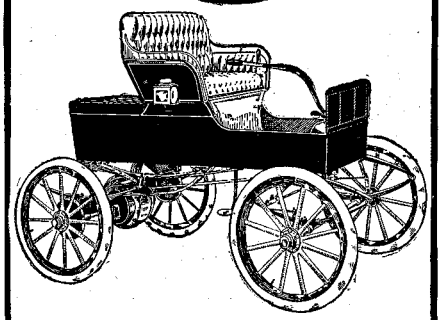

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Counter-Injunction Against Employers in Omaha

The sweeping injunction issued in Omaha week before last by Judge Munger, of the United States District Court, proved a disappointment to the employers' association which secured it. Not only did the strike go on as before, but it became more widespread. Fortunately, the injunction did not have the effect of taking the control of the situation out of the hands of the local authorities. According to the Omaha "Bee," both the Mayor of the city and the Sheriff of the county have acted with decision, increasing their forces, closing the saloons, and preventing all disturbances. "The strikers," says the "Bee," "seem to be fulfilling their word given to the Mayor and the Chief of Police to co-operate with them in maintaining order and suppressing violence." The Governor of the State has refused to call out the troops and has induced the Business Men's Association to enter into a conference with the trades-union leaders to promote a settlement of the troubles. The work of the officers of the law, therefore, seems to have been well performed. The complications caused by the interference of the courts of equity, however, did not end with the new bitterness injected into the struggle by the sweeping terms of the injunction. The attorney for the unions applied to Judge Dickinson, of the local district court, for a counter-injunction against the Business Men's Association, and obtained one more sweeping in its terms than that issued by Judge Munger. Among other things, it restrained the Association—

From refusing to sell to employers of union labor and from discriminating against such persons in the prices charged.

From threatening or intimidating in any manner any person into joining the said Business Men's Association.

From imposing any fines upon its members or any person for violating any agreement not to employ organized labor or not to recognize a labor union.

From receiving or paying out any money whatever in pursuance of any agreement to break up labor unions, except attorneys in this action.

From importing or engaging agents or servants to import any laborers in the city of Omaha or State of Nebraska in pursuance of any existing plan to destroy labor organizations or under any similar or new arrangement or plan.

From bringing any other injunction suits or actions in pursuance of any general plan of prosecutions to break up labor unions or of any new or similar plans connected directly or indirectly with any existing plans.

Some of the things forbidden in this injunction are as clearly wrong as were many of the things forbidden in Judge Munger's injunction reported last week. An agreement, for instance, of business men not to sell goods to employers of union labor is as clearly and violently a contract in restraint of trade as the agreement of the teamsters not to deliver goods to employers of non-union labor. Both are boycotts of a thoroughly indefensible kind. But, on the other hand, employers have as clear a right to import workmen to take strikers' places as the unions have peacefully to persuade such workmen not to take these places. The Omaha injunctions against both these acts are plainly usurpations of authority on the part of courts of equity. The final item in Judge Dickinson's injunction is more excessive still, and has in it an element of caricature of the whole system of "government by injunction." The defendents are enjoined from bringing any further injunction suits. Had Judge Munger thought to insert this item in his writ, the present injunction could not have been issued. It suggests the humorous possibility of putting an end to injunctions by injunction. But even this caricature of the process was exceeded in Omaha before the end of the week, when, according to

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a despatch to the New York "Times," an injunction was issued on petition of a landlord restraining a woman tenant from talking to other tenants. In a report made some time since to the Social Reform Club of New York by a committee headed by Mr. John Brooks Leavitt and Mr. John D. Kernan, attention was called to a Texas writ enjoining a wife from ever again talking with a friend of whom her husband was jealous. The committee remarked that in this writ the Court attempted to establish marital fidelity by injunction, and wittily suggested that we might one day have "etiquette by injunction." In the light of the Omaha injunctions the possibility is worth considering.

❀

Counter-Organization by Employers in New York

The contagious strike fever in New York City, which has extended from the skilled workmen in the building trades to the half-skilled teamsters and the totally unskilled Italian laborers who handle the picks and shovels, has produced its inevitable reaction in a strong counter-organization of employers. The newly organized unions among untrained workmen have, as usual, been the most pugnacious, and the Italian workmen employed on the subway have not only rejected the terms offered them by their employers, but have repudiated the agreement negotiated for them by the representatives of the Central Federated Union, and have refused to return to work pending arbitration, even when threatened with the forfeiture of their union charters. They are men, it is explained, who have but recently been emancipated from the padrones, and who suspect their present representatives much as they suspected their former bosses. But, whatever the explanation of their excesses, the temper of employers and of the public has been further exasperated, and the feeling that employers must organize to resist impositions has gained further headway. On Friday night of last week a call for united action in the building trades brought together nearly eight hundred delegates, representing fully four-fifths of all the contractors in the city. Fortunately, the meeting was in the hands of men who wished to resist abuses on the part of organized labor, and not of those who wished to initiate a class war for the annihilation of unions. Mr. Charles L. Eidlitz, who presented the plans for a central organization, said:

> What has made it possible for these men, many of them ignorant, most of them without a dollar laid aside, to demand surrender from their employers and have practically all their demands granted, sometimes without a show of resistance, lately almost invariably with only a grunt of disapproval?
>
> What, I ask you? The fact that, while they have organized throughout the city and throughout the country as a central body, under practically one head, and have stood together in want and privation, with nothing in sight but a return to work at best, we men of intelligence and affairs have tried to deal with them singly or at best as only a one-trade organization.

The organization which was planned was one that should be the counterpart of the building trades section of the Central Federated Union, and should insist upon conditions under which "employers shall be more secure in the conduct of their business, workmen more secure from interference with their opportunity to work, and the public generally more secure from interruption to business resulting from strikes and lockouts." These are all reasonable ends, and organization to secure them will meet with public approval. Where there is a conflict of interests, justice is always promoted by the equal organization of both parties to resist injustice. Everything depends upon the spirit in which the organization is carried forward, and in the present case the organization seems to be not for the purpose of aggression, but for the purpose of defense. Mr. Eidlitz, when asked after the close of the meeting regarding the plans agreed upon, said: "We are going to act, and without delay. The details of our plan will be kept secret, but we are in this to stay. Remember, though, that we are not trying to destroy labor unions." What they do intend to destroy was illustrated by another contractor, who said:

> Not long ago, in the construction of a great building, there arose a dispute between electricians and masons as to who should pierce certain holes in the wall. There was a delay while the central body decided the controversy, and in the interval, although neither set of workmen pierced the holes, the contractor had to pay all the workmen from both their full daily stipends, while they did not a stroke of work. That is one example of the hundreds of things we are fighting. We are going to get rid of them or know the reason why.

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A Strike Against a Government

In less than five days the Victorian Government completely crushed the strike begun on the State-owned railroads Saturday before last. The strike was occasioned by the refusal of the Ministry to withdraw its order that the Railway Employees' Association withdraw from the Victoria Trades Hall—the headquarters of trades-unionism in the colony. The Ministry took the position that as the railway employees were public servants, they had no right to enter into such affiliations with outside labor organizations as might lead to a suspension of the public service through a sympathetic strike. The Engineers' Association notified the Ministry that unless the order was withdrawn they would leave their locomotives wherever they happened to be at the hour designated for the strike. The Ministry did not yield, but announced to the employees that those who struck would forfeit their right to pensions, while those who did not strike would receive double pay during the next two months. When the strike was begun, Parliament was summoned, and a drastic bill submitted dealing with the situation. Premier Irvine stated that the country faced a long-meditated revolt against established authority. The strike had thrown the State into confusion and would be fought to a finish. The bill submitted was not retroactive and was not to remain in force after the end of the strike, but provided that any railroad employee leaving his work without giving four days' notice would incur a penalty of five hundred dollars fine or a year's imprisonment, and would be ineligible to future employment by the Government. An amendment was offered promising that Parliament would consider the grievances of the railroad men if they returned to work, but this was voted down by a majority of nearly two to one. The passage of the act was certain, and the following day the leaders of the strike gave in their unconditional surrender. From the first the strike had been condemned by public opinion. It was felt that a strike of public servants against the terms accorded them by the public was even more indefensible than a strike of private employees against the terms accorded by a board of arbitration. It was regarded as a direct attack upon the sovereignty of the State, and the Ministry secured the support of nearly all disinterested elements in a democratic State when asserting the finality of the State's decisions. The case is interesting as indicating, though not fully demonstrating, the truth of the Socialists' claim that public ownership of public utilities would put an end to labor wars respecting such utilities.

❀

More Corruption Exposed in Missouri

Last week Circuit Attorney Folk probed deeper still into the corruption of the Missouri Legislature. Two ex-Senators, whose guilt had been pretty clearly established by previous testimony, made full confession, and their testimony in its turn promises to force still further confessions or convictions. The first of these ex-Senators, named Schweickhardt, testified that he was one of a group of Republicans who had handled a bribery fund of $5,000 raised to defeat an election bill, and had personally given $1,500 of this sum to Frank Faris, a Democratic leader—of anti-referendum prominence—to smother the measure. Faris, he said, had returned the bribe when he found that the bill would pass despite his efforts—an incident indicating that a certain kind of honor has to be maintained among boodlers as well as thieves. Ex-Senator Schweickhardt was confronted with the other Republicans whom his testimeny had implicated, and one of them, a well-to-do baker named Busche, who had previously testified before the Grand Jury in his own defense, came before it again the next day and made a clean breast of his part in legislative corruption. While making his confession he twice broke down and wept bitterly. Among other things, he said:

I have "boodled" practically from the first week of the 1889 session. In 1897 I received $1,000 for voting for the school text-book bill. In 1899 I was paid $250 for refusing to call up a resolution demanding that certain bills be reported. I got $500 for my vote on the St. Louis Transit Bill. I received a salary from the lobby to take care of railroad and other legislation, usually amounting to about $700 for the session. As near as I can figure, I made about $15,000 out of my legislative experience. I had to do these things. There were circumstances that made a fellow take money or else get the worst of it. Money was offered on pretty nearly everything of impor-

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tance. The steam and street railway interests were always very active and their representatives paid us.

Ex-Senator Busche's statements were very specific regarding the bribe-taking on the part of several fellow-Senators and the bribe-giving on the part of the school-book trust as well as the street railway companies. The "cohesive power of public plunder," which formerly held the corruptionists together, seems to have been broken, and the boodlers who formerly stood together are going down like a row of unmortared bricks.

❀

The United States and the Orient

President Roosevelt's speech at San Francisco on America's destiny on the Pacific seems to have aroused some needless excitement in German circles. The gist of this speech is contained in the following paragraph:

> America's geographical position on the Pacific is such as to insure our peaceful domination of its waters in the future if only we grasp with sufficient resolution the advantages of this position. We are taking long strides in this direction; witness the cables we are laying and the great steamship lines we are starting, steamship lines some of whose vessels are larger than any freight carriers the world has yet seen. . . . We must keep on building and maintaining a thoroughly efficient navy, with plenty of the best and most formidable ships, with an ample supply of officers and men, and with these officers and men trained in the most thorough way to the best possible performance of their duty. Only thus can we assure our position in the world at large, and in particular our position here on the Pacific.

The majority of Americans are hardly yet alive to the fact that there is a Pacific Ocean, and that we have eight hundred and fifty miles of coast line, exclusive of Alaska, upon that ocean, and that thus we are much nearer China and Japan than any of the European Powers. We doubt whether even the people of the Pacific coast have fully grasped the significance of this geographical fact. Mr. Brooks Adams has shown that in the past imperial supremacy has depended largely upon commercial supremacy, and that in turn upon geographical considerations. Our geographical relations to the Pacific coast, and so to the Orient, may involve our commercial supremacy in the Pacific. It certainly involves moral obligations of which we must take account. Comparisons are odious, and it seems to us unfortunate for us to enter into public discussion with other nations respecting our relative advantages and prospects, either commercially or politically; but it is right that we should come to a consciousness of our National opportunity and our resultant obligations to the world at large, and that in this consciousness we should so shape our legislation as to enable us to avail ourselves of our opportunities and fulfill the obligations which they devolve upon us. We cannot, if we would, maintain a policy of isolation, and escape the obligations, both commercial and political, which our geographical relations to the Orient impose upon us.

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The New Pennsylvania Libel Law

It is probably true that the Grady-Salus Libel Law, just approved by Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, is to be deprecated rather for its animus or intention than because it actually does seriously impair the liberty of the press. The comments of Governor Pennypacker show the kind of political feeling that has called out this legislation; in fact, the Governor of the State has subjected himself to almost universal ridicule by his assertion that in England a century ago an offender who should draw such cartoons, as, for example, one which represented Governor Pennypacker himself as a dwarf on a stool, would have been drawn and quartered. The best newspapers in Pennsylvania agree that the law would never have been framed if it had not been for the usually righteous attacks on political corruption and corruptionists. No doubt these, in form, have not always been in good taste, and may sometimes have been unjust, but neither in Pennsylvania nor in any other State can the privilege of the press to comment freely on political acts be curtailed or even threatened without such a general expression of disapproval and revolt as has now been called out. The new law provides that a paper must publish in each issue the name of its owner or publisher, and editor; that action may be brought against any newspaper "to recover damages resulting from negligence in the ascertainment of facts, and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, or business of citizens;" that

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compensatory damages may be recovered for injury to business and reputation, and also for physical and mental suffering endured by the injured party; and the law specially refers to pictures and cartoons as one method of such possible injury. There is comparatively little difference between this law and the common law, under which civil suits for libel are brought in New York State. Thus, "negligence in the ascertainment of facts and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, or business of citizens" is actionable under the common law; compensatory damages may be recovered under the common law for injuries to business or reputation, and also damages for physical and mental suffering; punitive damages are also recoverable under the common law, in the jury's discretion. The differences between this statute and the common law are that the new law makes it easier to ascertain the responsible parties and suggests to the jury that pictures, cartoons, or any other matter calculated especially to attract attention demand punitive damages, and it also widens somewhat the range of responsibility for libel, by allowing suit against owners, proprietors, publishers, and managing editors of newspapers, apparently making all equally responsible.

❀

The New Libel Law: Is it Constitutional?

The only effect so far of the new libel law has been to provoke a series of rather keen cartoons in Pennsylvania papers ridiculing the Governor, who is treated as the author of the law, and who is thus pretty directly challenged to set its provisions in operation by a suit for libel under them. The journals probably depend largely on the well-known disinclination of juries to convict in libel suits; but also probably in part upon the question of the constitutionality of the new law. Reference to the Constitution of Pennsylvania shows that not only is there laid down a general principle that "the printing-press shall be free to every person who may undertake to examine the proceedings of the Legislature or any branch of government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof," but that no conviction may be had for the publication of news or comment relating to the official conduct of officers or men acting in public capacity when it is established to the satisfaction of the jury that the publication was not maliciously or negligently made. The general principles which should govern utterances of the press on public men and public affairs are perfectly clear: no restraint prior to actual publication, that is, no censorship, no inspection of proofs before publication; but, on the other hand, full responsibility under the law by the press for all utterances, and liberal treatment by courts and juries of persons who have been injured by wrongful statements in the papers. Damages should not be necessarily confined to actual proven money loss; injury to reputation or mental suffering and discomfort should also be considered; and carelessness as well as actual malice should be made to pay the damages which a false and injurious publication causes. There is no reason why the press should claim exemption from responsibility for its wrongful acts.

❀

The Kishenev Massacre

Last week confirmation was received of a terrible two-days' massacre of Jews which had occurred at Kishenev, in southern Russia. Information from many sources seems to reveal a prearrangement as to the riot; for it started in a number of places in the town at the same time. The inciting cause of the outbreak, according to the Russian "Novosti," was the death of a servant-girl who had taken poison and was placed in a Jewish hospital of Kishenev. The anti-Semites claimed that she was killed for sacrificial purposes. In consequence, according to the "American Hebrew,"

> Not only did the rioters kill and maim people, but they vented their brutish instincts upon the bodies of the dead. Nails were driven through their nostrils, bodies were opened and stuffed with feathers, tongues pulled out, breasts cut off the bodies of women. Nor were these the only ghoulish acts perpetrated. Jews tried to save themselves in every way. Many sought safety in flight only to find, as they reached the railroad station, that mobs were awaiting them who tore them from their carriages and beat them to death.

According to most accounts, about fifty persons were killed, hundreds wounded and mutilated, and a thousand homes wrecked. When the authorities at St. Petersburg were

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tardily informed of the riot, orders were given to the military to use rifles, if necessary, to suppress the outbreak. On the first show of determination by the troops—a few volleys fired into the air—the assailants of the Jews slunk back. The majority of the persons arrested for participation in the outrage, says a despatch from St. Petersburg, have now been tried and sentenced to varying punishments; although they were mostly arrested on returning to their homes after the second day's pillage with their arms full of plunder, all the prisoners protested their innocence and pleaded that they found the things in the streets and were taking them to the police station. Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, says:

> I am sure that the reports have been grossly exaggerated. The most drastic measures have been taken by the Russian Government to prevent repetitions of the troubles, and the Government always has done all that is possible to prevent them. The Governors of provinces have been ordered to exert themselves to the utmost to preserve order, and have been informed that they will be held responsible for the peace of their provinces. The guilty, as apprehended, will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

It seems incredible that in a Christian country such a massacre could have taken place; in endeavoring to repress similar atrocities in Turkey, Russia will now hardly have clean hands. At the same time, it must be admitted that the peasant population in southwest Russia, between Odessa and the Rumanian frontier, is hardly of a higher grade than that represented by the Turks. With characteristic promptness, the Jews in this country have organized a great relief fund, and have transmitted by cable generous amounts to the heads of Russian Jewish congregations for distribution.

❀

British Tariff Discussion On the same day last week Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain, respectively Prime Minister and Colonial Secretary of the present British Cabinet, made speeches regarding the tariff which seemed at first decidedly divergent in aim. Addressing a deputation of members of Parliament who protested against the remission of the grain duty, Mr. Balfour gave no indication of conceding their demands. Without the slightest intention on the part of the Government, he said, the tax had given some protection to the millers, thus indirectly and unexpectedly helping the farmers, but the Government must not be blamed for remitting the tax; it was never intended to be a protective measure. Protection, he declared, could not be introduced silently, as if by accident, and without a broad public indorsement of such a change in the national policy. However, he did not intend to say that the present system was necessarily permanent. New conditions had arisen since the old free-trade policy was adopted; and he could imagine circumstances under which Great Britain, by way of retaliation, would no longer consent to be made a passive target for other countries living under different conditions. While personally he believed in universal free trade, he would welcome some closer fiscal union between Great Britain and the colonies. This last phrase forms a bond of union between Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's speech. The reason for the latter may be found in another address, made seven years ago by the Colonial Secretary, inviting the attention of British Imperialists everywhere to the desirability of what the Germans call a Zollverein, or Customs Union. It was perhaps because of his prejudices in this direction that Mr. Chamberlain took no part in the discussion in Parliament excited by the announcement of the new budget, which remitted the grain tax. Mr. Chamberlain declared last week, as he did seven years ago, that, in order to preserve the Empire, the trade of the colonies must be secured. Canada had offered exceptional advantages which England did not dare accept because of "the narrow interpretation of the doctrine of free trade." Great Britain seemed so wedded to its fiscal system that it could not defend its colonies—a position, he claimed, not intended by the pioneers of free trade, who, if they were alive to-day, would agree to a treaty of preference and reciprocity with the Empire's children; he pointed out that Cobden had made and that Bright had approved a preferential treaty with France. "There are two alternatives before you: first, to maintain the free-trade policy in all its severity, although it is repudiated by every other nation and by your colonists; second, to insist that we be not bound by

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any purely technical definition of free trade." In comparison with England's commerce with the rest of the world the actual trade between England and her colonies is small. No matter how much stimulus Mr. Chamberlain's plan might give to colonial commerce, such a stimulus would do little to compensate for the inevitable loss in general trade.

❀

Russian Diplomacy Regarding Manchuria

Last week, in the British House of Commons, Lord Cranborne, Under Foreign Secretary, officially announced the Russian Government's reply, in response to independent communications from the American and British Governments, concerning the rumored Russian reoccupation of the Chinese province of Manchuria. This reply intimated that the Russian Government would adhere to its engagement to evacuate Manchuria, although the evacuation was temporarily delayed. The Russian Government also explained that it had no intention of adopting any measure tending to exclude foreign consuls in that province or obstruct foreign commerce in the use of the ports. The tone of the reply, however, indicated that Russia, not China, is master in Manchuria. The tone is not unwarranted from a power which, since its occupation, has increased the telegraph and port charges to its own advantage. Unofficially, the Russian Government also allowed an explanation to be made in St. Petersburg to the effect that the supposed reoccupation of the principal Manchurian port was "the re-entrance there of troops after the Russian evacuation, merely to pass through the town to embark on the waiting transports." Whether this explanation be regarded as reasonable or not, we trust that, so far at least as the letters of inquiry from the American Government are concerned, Russia now sees that any precipitate action in Manchuria, with explanations, reasonable or otherwise, afterwards, would be hostile to national as well as to international interests; in other words, that it will be much more to Russia's present commercial advantage in Asia if the United States continues for a time to enjoy in Manchuria the treaty rights heretofore guaranteed. It is not surprising that, having spent a great deal in life and money in developing the trade and transportation of Manchuria, the Czar's Ministers have no intention either of abandoning the rich Chinese province or of permitting any permanent increase of foreign influence. We are glad to note, however, that, in addition to recalling the reported "demands" on China, for the moment Russia has removed the passport obligations in Manchuria instituted some time ago. While the Russian Government has thus paid regard to Mr. Hay's letter of inquiry (diplomatically so called, really a protest), the reply of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs contains two statements which might inspire some caustic comment. The first of these is that negotiations between Russia and China did not require the approval of the United States Government; to which we reply that if negotiations violate our treaty rights, they certainly do require our approval; the second observation is that Russia intends to observe the policy of the open door "as the phrase is understood by the Imperial Government;" in reply to which the London "Times" pertinently says: "That is not the way in which self-respecting nations are used to have their conventional rights interpreted. They do not leave others to construe the promises made to them; they do the construing themselves."

❀

Turkey Warned

Last week the atmosphere in the Balkans became clearer because of the simultaneous action of Russia, Austria, and France in warning Turkey to refrain from too vigorous measures in punishment of the Salonika outrages. The three Powers decline (1) to accept the Turkish theory that the Bulgarian Government is responsible for the disasters there or elsewhere in Macedonia; or (2) to permit Bulgaria to be held responsible. The communication closes with the pertinent advice that the Porte's first duty is to carry out the general plan agreed upon between it and the Powers for Balkan reforms, repress the Albanian agitators, and punish the murderer of the Russian Consul, adding significantly: "If Turkey persists in diverting attention by menacing Bulgaria, the ambassadors of the Powers may shortly remind the Porte what the Powers expect." They expect (and they

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have thus far expected in vain) that the Sultan shall pay some proper regard to his political and moral obligations as defined in 1878 by the Treaty of Berlin. The ultimate stigma, however, rests, we believe, not so much upon this Oriental ruler as upon the Occidental Powers themselves. By reason of jealousy among themselves, they have permitted Turkish misrule in every province of the Turkish Empire, whether in Europe or Asia. The thousands of innocent Macedonians and the hundreds of thousands of other victims who since 1878 have suffered from Turkish cruelty and outrage are, as Mr. W. E. Curtis explains in his recent work on the Balkans, the victims of that jealousy. When the Czar imposed upon Turkey the Treaty of San Stefano, England, Austria, Germany, and France intervened and tore it up, for fear that Russia might obtain a port on the Mediterranean, and so enlarge the sphere of Slav influence to a degree prejudicial to their own interests. The Treaty of San Stefano, which fixed the terms of peace exacted by the Czar from the Sultan after the war of 1877, would almost have restored the boundaries of the ancient Bulgarian Empire, thus reducing European Turkey to a rather narrow strip of territory. Not only was this treaty, which had been accepted by Abdul Hamid, abrogated by the jealous Powers: the treaty which they substituted for it restored Macedonia to Turkey under conditions which they have allowed to remain unfulfilled; indeed, not one of the many stipulations of that treaty has ever been faithfully fulfilled. Though a Christian was once appointed Governor-General of Macedonia and served in that capacity for five years, he permitted himself to be used as a screen to shield his Mohammedan subordinates who murdered, robbed, and tortured the members of his own faith. Last week's joint note, therefore, is a cheering sign that at last the Powers are holding Turkey to stricter account.

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The Passive Resistance Movement in England

Last week, in the City Temple (Congregational), in London, a remarkable scene occurred at one of the midday services. The pastor, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the successor of the late Joseph Parker, announced his adhesion to the "Passive Resistance" movement against the Education Act recently passed by Parliament. This act has produced wide dissatisfaction among the English Nonconformists, of whom Mr. Campbell is sometimes regarded as the head. Voicing their determination, he declared that personally he would tender payment of the portion of the rates for education which was not to be devoted to sectarian purposes, but that, for the balance, the collector would have to seize his hall clock and other chattels. On this, the congregation, numbering about three thousand persons, stood up and cheered lustily. The pastor then added that, if Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, advocated the imprisonment of those who participated in the "Passive Resistance" movement, and actually imprisoned the pastor of the City Temple, the Colonial Secretary's days would be numbered, for Nonconformity represented at least half the religious life of the nation. Mr. Campbell's course consistently follows out the threats of many Nonconformists after the introduction of the Education Bill in Parliament, that, as Hampden had refused to pay his quota of the ship money, so they would refuse to pay the taxes to carry out the provisions of the bill. Among the most active opponents of the measure has been Mr. Perks, the well-known Liberal leader. Speaking at Oxford some weeks ago, he said that "if, two or three years back, Nonconformists had been told that a Government would come into power and make it one of its cardinal measures to sweep out of existence the great school boards of England and to strengthen priestly control over the elementary education of children, it would have been beyond belief." Certain features in the Education Act, Mr. Perks declared, Free Churchmen never could and never would admit: (1) in every volunteer school in the country the majority of the foundation managers are not elected by the people; (2) thousands of appointments of head masters and head mistresses in the voluntary schools are subjected to sectarian tests, and as none of these appointments can be legally held by Nonconformists, the provision not only limits the area of choice, but also tempts an applicant to change religious opinions in order to secure a public appointment. In conclusion, Mr. Perks declared

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that it was not the duty of Free Churchmen to pay a rate for the propagation of tenets which they believed to be obnoxious.

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Education and Religion

While the Education Act has apparently unified the English educational system, it is also true that it has not registered a definite advance in the direction of unifying the supporters of education. According to Mr. Middlemore, the Liberal-Unionist statesman, the bill has now divided England into two hostile camps, Churchmen and Dissenters; and according to Mr. Bryce—than whom there is no greater authority on education in the ranks of the Opposition—the bill was devised "purely in the interest of sectarian schools; the claim that it was to unify and organize is really a pretense; the Education Bill was not devised to bring order out of chaos, and does not do so. It does more harm than good, and turns education back." Mr. Bryce calls special attention to the former Board schools—which are now altogether abolished because school Boards are abolished, but which practically continue under the name of "provided" schools. He declares that they were not secular, as was claimed by the supporters of the Education Bill: "on the contrary, they gave excellent religious instruction, but unsectarian, and this gave satisfaction to all but the Roman Catholics and a small section of the Church of England;" and that "none of the Voluntary (or Church of England) schools were better than the Board (or public) schools, and very few as good as the best Board schools." Furthermore, "the Board schools were not more mechanical than the voluntary; on the contrary, the Board schools secured nearly all the best teachers." By the operation of the new Education Act the two classes of schools have been united in a way probably insuring greater economy in management, but giving to the Church of England a far greater control than Nonconformists like. The result of the agitation on the cause of education will be only for good, in upholding the clauses of the new law which make for real, lasting unification, and ultimately in obliterating those clauses that compel English citizens to pay taxes for the support of schools which represent a part of the people and not the whole people. Sooner or later Englishmen may realize that America has already solved this problem, and may find our system worthy of imitation.

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Rabbi Hirsch on Christianity

The recent massacre of Jews by Christians in Russia lends point to this excerpt from an address by Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago: "So far as the modern Jews are concerned," said he, "they regard Jesus as one of the noblest spiritual teachers that ever appeared in the world. . . . The Jews have furnished the only shining example of obedience. The so-called disciples of Jesus have persecuted the Jews with savage ferocity for ages, and the Jews have borne these persecutions with lamb-like gentleness and silence." These sentences are taken from a lecture given by Dr. Hirsch before the Epworth League of St. James's Methodist Church, Chicago. The climax occurred when the lecturer exclaimed: "If Jesus Christ should return to the earth to-morrow, he would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land, and every Jew would say with David, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.' And Jesus himself would answer: 'Who is this King of Glory? God the Lord, he is the King of Glory.'" It is interesting to note how Dr. Hirsch approached this climax. "The Jews," said he, "do not believe at all in original sin and inherited depravity. They believe that every man is a responsible, free agent, and is not involved in the guilt of his fathers or his children. Of course, therefore, they do not believe the story of the fall of man in the Book of Genesis in its literal sense. They accept the teachings of the higher criticism, and consider the story of the Garden of Eden an allegory. As they reject the doctrine of original sin, they reject, of course, the doctrine of redemption from sin. They believe in a Messiah, but the Messiah of the Old Testament is a temporal prince, who shall reign over the Jews after they shall have been reunited and become a nation again in Palestine. At least the orthodox Jews believe this, but the liberal Jews do not believe in the Messianic prophecies at all."

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This distinction between orthodoxy and liberalism among Hebrews is not as generally understood as it should be; and the general view of Jesus held among all classes of Jews is perhaps also not understood. This is that Jesus preached nothing but Judaism. Dr. Hirsch claims that those things which we are accustomed to associate peculiarly with Christ's teaching were taken from Jewish writings—the supremacy of the commandment to love God and man, the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, the doctrine that the Sabbath was made for man, the abrogation of the law of retaliation, the obligation to love one's enemies, and even the Lord's Prayer, which, added Rabbi Hirsch, "we readily admit is the sublimest petition ever framed in human language." It was fitting that the meeting should close with the Lord's Prayer, Dr. Hirsch repeating it in unison with his Christian friends.

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Catholic Tendencies in the Episcopal Church—I.

Two important utterances in the Episcopal Church indicate the truly catholic tendencies within that communion, with which, it can hardly be necessary to say, The Outlook is in the heartiest sympathy. The first is a sermon preached in April by Canon Henson, of Westminster, on "The Sacrament of Unity." In this sermon he takes the ground that the Church has no right to bar from communion Christian men living Christian lives, who fulfill the apostolic conditions of baptism and faith. "Members of Christ's mystical Body they are; how can they be refused permission to affirm the fact?" The exclusion from the communion of those who have not been confirmed in the Episcopal Church he rightly declares is alike inconsistent with the spirit of the Prayer-Book and with the spirit of the New Testament. It cannot be harmonized with the declaration of the Prayer-Book which affirms the oneness of Churchmen with "the whole congregation of Christ's flock, dispersed throughout the whole world;" and he asks by what authority, after making that declaration, can the priest exclude from the communion-table any of Christ's flock who come to partake of the Lord's Supper. This principle of exclusion is equally inconsistent with the words of St. Paul, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness;" for "surely all who can be so described ought to be gladly welcomed to the Lord's table." This interpretation of the invitation to the Lord's Supper is, of course, widely held among Churchmen, and was illustrated in the service at Tarrytown, N. Y., reported last week, when the clergymen and laymen of non-Episcopal churches in the town were expressly invited to participate in the Holy Communion.

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Catholic Tendencies in the Episcopal Church—II.

The other utterance is a letter in "The Churchman" by the Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., rector of St. James's Parish, Cambridge, Mass. The present law of the Episcopal Church forbids the rector or officers of a church to "permit any person to officiate therein without sufficient evidence of his being duly licensed or ordained to minister *in this Church*." The italics are ours. Dr. Abbott proposes to allow the rector of any parish, his Bishop being cognizant of his intent and not objecting, to permit any baptized person to address his congregation on occasions, himself being present. Such an amendment would not allow the rector to invite a non-episcopally ordained minister to act as priest in the administration of the sacraments or in the general conduct of the service; but it would allow him to invite a non-episcopally ordained person, whether layman or minister, to preach in his pulpit. We cannot understand how the most exacting High Churchman can, on principle, object to such a change in the law of the Church. The Old Testament discriminated clearly between the priest and the prophet. The priest was ordained to his office, and no unordained person could perform priestly functions; the prophet was not ordained to his office, and any person could prophesy. The preacher is the successor of the prophet, not of the priest. The Churchman who believes that there is an official priesthood, charged with the duty of administering the service of the Church, a service which he may also think partakes of a sacrificial character, legitimately objects to invite any one not a priest to perform such service. But there is no ground in Scripture, and we cannot see any ground even in ecclesiastical history, for refusing

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to the officers in charge of a church the right to invite any man who, in their judgment, is intellectually and spiritually competent to act the part of teacher, preacher, or prophet, in connection with the services of the Church. If the amendment which Dr. Abbott suggests were adopted, a long step would be taken toward the visible unity of Christ's Church. Since most non-Episcopal ministers do not believe that the priesthood has been continued in any form, because they think it was consummated and brought to its end by the priesthood in Jesus Christ, they could not object that the Churchman does not recognize their priesthood; and if all baptized disciples of Jesus Christ were welcomed to the communion-table of the Episcopal Church, and the door were opened so that any competent minister might preach in the pulpit of an Episcopal church, with the approval of the rector and the consent of the Bishop, one of the now apparent lines of division in Protestant Christianity would be removed.

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President King of Oberlin

The inauguration of President Henry Churchill King at Oberlin was attended last week by a large gathering of the university and college fellowship, some sixty institutions being represented. His inaugural address, and the address of President Tucker, of Dartmouth, which followed it, were notable for emphasis on ethical aims and influences. "The Primacy of Persons in College Education" was Dr. King's subject. The conditions imposed both by the complexity of modern life and the unity of man called for a leadership of greater social efficiency. The college, mediating between the strict supervision required in the secondary school and the complete freedom proper to the university, has for its special sphere the training of minds to act influentially as leaven in the life of society. The university must lay its main emphasis on the intellectual element. Attempts to transfer the university spirit to the college had been damaging to the true college ideal. More than highly trained specialists the college needs the close personal touch of mature men of marked interest in the wide range of others' life with character-begetting power. The address pleaded both for a broad curriculum and for the correlation of college studies with all the interests of the outside world, affirming that education must emphasize high ideals in the pursuit of the most varied interests. The prime factors in such education were not things, not books, but persons. Great and high personalities in the teaching force were the supreme need. President Tucker took up the question, "Can the Subject Matter of Modern Education with its Attendant Method be Idealized?" The new material of modern knowledge had been largely adjusted intellectually, but not ethically. The traditional mind is still prone to ignore the ethical possibility of the new education, and the educational world needs an ethical revival at its heart. While moral power is latent in all active intellectual discipline, modern education needs to be permeated with the sense of social obligation. The "hard sayings" of to-day are concerned with integrity, justice, courage, charity, and sacrifice. The average man needs training for duties that are exacting for the exceptional man. The idealizing process culminates in righteousness. The clear and sharp issue of to-day is, Can we put ethics at the heart of modern education?

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The Martyrs' Memorial at Oberlin

These inspiring addresses, of whose range and force but meager hints have been given, were followed by an inspiring scene the day after the dedication of the Memorial Arch, whose corner-stone was laid at the meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions last October. It was at Oberlin that the Shansi Mission, devastated by the Boxers with such destruction of precious lives, originated some twenty-five years ago. Of the thirteen American missionaries whose sacrifice the Arch commemorates, seven were alumni of Oberlin. Dr. Frank S. Fitch, of Buffalo, who gave the dedicatory address, spoke of them as the victims of a heathen fury, provoked, not by their religion, but by commercial and political influences. Not far distant from great centers of trade and industry, their Memorial embodies a noble ideal of life, and witnesses for the sacrificial ideal of Christianity. After the dedication services the Monument Ora-

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tion was delivered by Mr. P. L. Corbin, of the senior theological class, and responded to by Mr. G. H. Lemon, of the middle class. The seventieth Commencement of the Theological Seminary, which occurred that day, was further distinguished by the inauguration of Professor Edward I. Bosworth as Dean. President Henry Hopkins, of Williams College, gave the Commencement address on "The Call of Christ to the Ministry of Christ."

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The Bach Festival at Bethlehem

In the quaint and beautiful town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was held last week the Third Bach Festival—the other two having been given in 1900 and 1901. It consisted of the Christmas Oratorio, the Matthew Passion Music, and the B Minor Mass, with short cantatas interspersed. These works were composed for the use of church worship, and they were rendered in Bethlehem with the same devotional spirit with which they were composed and first performed. From the foundation of the town as a Moravian missionary center, the old German chorales have constituted very largely the music of the church there, as in other Moravian communities. It is because Bach made such extended use of these chorales in his works that Bethlehem has found it perfectly natural to give a week of Bach's music. The festival consisted of nine "sessions," as they were called, not concerts. These sessions partook nearly of the character of services. After the beautiful Moravian custom on special occasions and church festivals, each session was announced, not by a bell, but by the trombone choir, which played chorales from the belfry of the church. The chorus, and to some degree the orchestra, were composed of men and women from Bethlehem and its environs. The calm beauty of the town, with its old ivy-covered brick buildings and its wooded burying-ground, the serene harmonies of the chorales as they floated among the afternoon shadows or through the twilight from the belfry of the church, the enthusiasm of the people of the town, and, not least, the fine spirit of Mr. J. Fred. Wolle, the conductor of the festival, combined to create an ideal setting for the music. The one disturbing element was contributed by certain people from elsewhere who went to Bethlehem with the notion that they were attending ordinary musical performances, and therefore not only missed the spirit of the entire festival, but by their actions did much to dispel it. Noticeable among these were certain New York musical critics, one or two of whom behaved like ill-bred children in the church. Their accounts in the newspapers, censorious and patronizing by turns, were not only, as might well have been expected, altogether valueless as interpretations of the festival, but also, as criticisms, strangely interlarded with technical blunders. Musically, the most praiseworthy work was done by the local singers and players; and in proportion as the visiting professional soloists caught the spirit of these amateurs they contributed to the real effectiveness of the festival. The continuance of these festivals, which epitomize a devotional and musical spirit none too common in America, ought to be assured by some form of endowment. An article giving some interpretation of Bethlehem, and its religious and musical spirit, written by a staff correspondent who was present at the Festival, will appear in a future issue of The Outlook.

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Ralph Waldo Emerson

The celebration in almost all parts of the continent of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth on Monday of next week shows that his service to the higher life of America is not without recognition. The materialism which he foresaw and against which he strove has come in with a tidal force which he could not foresee; far more than at the time when the words were spoken, this is "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." But the end is not yet; there are other stages of growth before us; we shall not always be content with the works of our hands; the time will come when we shall passionately desire and seek the works of the spirit; for nations, like men, cannot live by bread alone. When that time comes, no prophet who has arisen in the New World will be held in higher honor than he who predicted The Fortunes of the Republic in memorable words: "I see in all directions

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the light breaking. Trade and government will not alone be the favored aims of mankind, but every useful, every elegant art, every exercise of imagination, the height of reason, the noblest affection, the purest religion, will find their home in our institutions, and write our laws for the benefit of men."

Emerson was one of the little band of liberators who, in the second and third decades of the nineteenth century, effected the intellectual and spiritual emancipation of the new nation in the new world. The American republic is the youngest of the great nations in date of organization, but in political experience and education it is the oldest. People are often misled by the modern date of the United States into thinking of the American people as a folk who have arrived late on the stage of history, and who must therefore be content to take their place at the feet of the older races like untaught children. If fullness and ripeness of knowledge of life are the real evidence and test of age, we are older than India and China. The older races formed their political and social systems when society was in its youth; we formed ours when society had attained full growth; and our Constitution has evoked such unstinted admiration from the great publicists of the Old World because it embodies the fruit of so much experience, the wisdom of so wide a contact with life. It is really the oldest political document of its kind in the world. All the great races contributed to its adjustments of local and general power, its protection of individual rights, its breadth, its sanity. Greece, Rome, France, Holland, and England furnished the framers with rich capital of political wisdom. The Constitution is the capitalized experience of the world to the very date of its framing. We are the youngest of nations, but we are the oldest of peoples.

When Emerson was born in the little capital of New England, on the 25th of May, 1803, the colonies had been politically independent for two decades. They were not yet a nation, and did not become a nation until sixty years later. They were a group of provinces, which had severed their political connections with the Old World, but sat at its feet in all matters of literature, art, and science, accepted its standards of taste, and lived in the light of its intelligence. When Irving published "Knickerbocker's History of New York," in 1809, he gave the new people its first distinctive work of literature. Edwards, Franklin, and Woolman had touched doctrinal or autobiographic writing with the delicacy, the power, or the charm of literature; Freneau had written a few graceful lyrics in the intervals of his partisan and satirical activity; but there was no literature, in the strict sense of the term, until Irving wrote the first American literary classic in New York. He and Longfellow rendered a double service to the old people in the New World; they interpreted the Old World afresh for them in charming verse and prose, and they dealt with new material in such distinctively American pieces as "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle." Poe, the most sensitive and subtle artist who has yet appeared among us, gave the world a new magic in his "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," his "Lines to Helen" and "The City Under the Sea." And Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" gave promise of the delicate and highly individual genius which was later to give him first place among American writers.

Original and independent work of high quality had been done in America before 1837, but it was in that year that Emerson put into words the rising conviction of the New World and proclaimed its intellectual and spiritual independence. In one of the two most important addresses of his life, the epoch-marking if not epoch-making address on "The American Scholar," delivered at Cambridge in 1837, he declared that the time had come when "the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. . . . We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all souls."

This sublime independence, or, to be more exact, self-dependence, Emerson

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based on more massive foundations than political freedom; he rested it on a fundamental conception of the immanence of God in the world and the divinity of the human soul. He translated the old doctrine which had carried the passion for civic freedom wherever it had been taught with clarity and power, that all men were kings and priests unto God, into the universal speech and justified it to the universal experience. He interpreted Democracy as faith in all men because there is something divine in all men which may be trusted; and this acceptance of the fatherhood of God he followed to its logical conclusion by the admission of all the children of God to the common privileges and responsibilities of a self-governing family. In his exaltation of man as man Emerson reveals the very soul of Democracy; that glorious truth at the heart of it which justifies the longest patience with its halting practical experiments and the most unshakable faith in its ultimate triumph. The fortunes of the race are bound up with it because it is the one political order which recognizes all men as the children of the Infinite and equal members of one family. The government established by the American people is the most sublime example of practical idealism yet furnished the world; and when the most arrogant and eloquent of doubting Thomases confronted Emerson, in the memorable meeting at Stonehenge, with a challenge to define the meaning of America, the great Idealist made no evasions and took no refuge in material achievements, but boldly reaffirmed the supremacy of love and justice, predicted the "bankruptcy of the vulgar musket-worship," and the ultimate brotherhood of the race.

It was an audacious answer to the scornful question in the shadow of a great and venerable history, but it was the only true answer. If America does not mean love and justice in practical application to national and international affairs, it would better have followed the ancient way of monarchies and aristocracies. More profoundly than its greatest statesman, Emerson has defined and interpreted the American idea. Before science had given the facts a truer interpretation, he rejected the whole semi-atheistic doctrine of the fall of man; before the churches had learned to read the parable of the Prodigal Son in the light of the love of God instead of the fear of the Devil, he held it primary truth that all men are born the children of God. No man ever had a more gracious and winning manner than Emerson; he was a prince among gentlemen because he so profoundly respected his fellows.

His idealism was not only lofty and persistent, but it was applied to affairs with a simplicity and native good sense which have given it persuasive influence among a very practical people. He had the Platonic spirit, but he never lost touch with Concord. He was a poor farmer, but everybody conceded that he kept his fences in repair. To his sore inconvenience there gathered about him the unbalanced, the dreamers, the abstract reformers, the well-meaning but wholly useless wool-gatherers of every kind and degree; but he went his own way with a quiet resolution and an unfailing sense of the difference between the actual and the ideal, which proves, as nothing else could prove, his sanity, his poise, his clearness as well as his penetration of vision. He is a convincing witness to the reality of the Ideal because he saw the real with such perfect distinctness.

In the midst of the tremendous tasks set for men to do on this continent Emerson was sent of God to say again, as the prophets and poets have always said, that the spiritual world is the only real world in the sense that it is the only world in which men really live; that that world incloses us on all sides and presses upon us so closely that we can ignore it only by willfully becoming deaf and blind; that work, tools, material, wealth, and power are valuable only as they stand for character and are used for spiritual ends; that to be great is not to be rich, but to be strong; that to be successful is not to acquire, but to bestow; that failure is not missing the goals, but mistaking the path; that freedom is the most rigorous kind of self-government; and that a nation takes rank, not because of the things it does with its hands, but because of the things it fashions with its spirit.

This is a young country, and Emerson was pre-eminently a preacher of the wisdom of youth—the wisdom of faith, hope, enthusiasm. His doctrine involves purity

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of heart and the clean hand. No man has spoken to the spirit of youth so directly, so persuasively, with such authority of sympathy and insight. The spirit and substance of his teaching are expressed in those words spoken to the literary societies of Dartmouth College which George William Curtis declared touched the highest mark of American eloquence:

> You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. "What is this Truth you seek? what is this Beauty?" men will ask, with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, "As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season"—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect. . . . Why should you renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth, for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed, and board. Make yourself necessary to the world, and mankind will give you bread, and if not store of it, yet such as shall not take away your property in all men's possessions, in art, in nature, and in hope.

To this wisdom of the pure heart and the clean hand, this faith in the reality of the highest truths, the present pressure of work with materials opposes its preoccupation and deadening weariness. To this divination of youth is opposed also much of that wisdom of age which comes to us from the older races; the wisdom of weariness, disillusion, skepticism; the prudential wisdom distilled from centuries of experience, the chief maxim of which is to keep one's possessions snug, to avoid great risks, to be content with near things. If this were the wisdom of those who had striven and dared greatly, it would count for much; but it is the wisdom of those who have warmed their hands by the fire of life instead of giving themselves to its great adventures, who have sought comfort rather than greatness, and have compromised with life rather than resolutely wrestled with it for the best it has to give. Whether the youth of America are to believe with Emerson or to doubt with the Decadents, whether they are to follow the divination of the pure heart or the lower wisdom of those who have lost the vision, is perhaps the most vital issue to be settled in the next half-century. If we go with Emerson, we shall make a new way for humanity; we shall bring freshness and health into the close air of the world; we shall bring in the kingdom of God.

Emerson shares with Hawthorne and Poe the primacy of American letters. Whitman must be counted with them as an original force in poetry. His imagination had more volume and flow; he had command, at his best, of a telling freshness and effectiveness of phrase; but in power of organization, in discernment of spiritual qualities, he falls far below the Concord poet. For it is as a poet that Emerson must be reckoned with; the limitations of his prose, the lack of order in his thought, and of thorough and large structure in his style, are due to the poet's method in dealing with his subjects. He has enriched our literature with a few poems of such directness of vision, such captivating simplicity of imagery, such ultimate felicity of phrase, that they will lay hold of the imagination of remote generations. He was not great in volume of emotion, in tidal force and sweep of imagination, in that fullness of life which comes to the poet whose genius is charged with elemental power as was Dante's and Shakespeare's. He did not look at Christianity with the fresh and original insight which he brought to other subjects. He saw the disorder of society, but he did not seem to realize the tremendous significance of sin as moral evil. And although he said striking and profound things about Christ, he failed to take the measure of the divinest personality in history—a failure due in part to the force of the religious reaction in which he lived, and in part to his fundamental view of life.

In spite of these limitations, he remains in many respects the finest product of the old race in the new world; the loftiest interpreter of its fundamental idea and mission; one of the deepest and noblest of its teachers; of a life so simple, so blameless, so nobly poised between vision and task, that to recall it is to catch a glimpse of the spiritual order of life, and to believe in the dreams of the pure and the great.

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Two Typical Leaders

Professor W. E. B. Du Bois; Booker T. Washington: they represent different types of character, different conceptions of the race problem, different methods for its solution, and they deal with it in a widely different spirit. These differences are strikingly illustrated in two volumes—one by Professor Du Bois, just published, "The Souls of the Black Folk," the other by Dr. Washington, published four years ago, "The Future of the American Negro."

To Professor Du Bois the negro and the American are ever separate, though in the same personality. The American negro is "two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings;" he is ever the subject of a "double consciousness;" dominated by a "sense of always looking at oneself through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity." To Dr. Washington the negro race is a great race; during the Civil War the negro exhibited a remarkable "self-control," and was "to the last faithful to the trust that had been reposed upon him" by his master, yet was always "an uncompromising friend of the Union," and never, either in freedom or slavery, under a suspicion of being a traitor to his country; and since emancipation has he given abundant evidence that he can "make himself a useful, honorable, and desirable citizen." To Professor Du Bois the negro is a problem, and the question is ever present in his consciousness, and from it he confesses himself unable to escape, "How does it feel to be a problem?" To Dr. Washington America is the problem, and the white race is as much a part of it as the black: "The problem is how to make these millions of negroes self-supporting, intelligent, economical, and valuable citizens, as well as how to bring about proper relations between them and the white citizens among whom they live." Professor Du Bois is half ashamed of being a negro, and he gives expression to his own bitterness of soul in the cry which he puts into the mouth of his race, "Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own home?" Dr. Washington rejoices in the honorable record of his race; in his address at Hampton's last Commencement he cries out to his white auditors, "We are as proud of our race as you are of yours;" and his negro auditors applauded his declaration with great enthusiasm. The sense of amused contempt and pity for his own race, caught from the white people, is reflected in the title of Professor Du Bois's book, "The Souls of the Black Folk;" the spirit of race pride, of national patriotism, and of hope for the future of his race is reflected in the title of Dr. Washington's book, "The Future of the American Negro."

We shall speak hereafter more fully of Professor Du Bois's interesting and valuable book, as we have heretofore spoken of Dr. Washington's; here we take the contrast between the two as a text for some reflections on two parties or tendencies or influences in the negro race, which the two respectively represent. One of these parties is ashamed of the race, the other is proud of it; one makes the white man the standard, the other seeks the standard in its own race ideals; one demands social equality, or at least resents social inequality, the other is too self-respecting to do either; one seeks to push the negro into a higher place, the other to make him a larger man; one demands for him the right to ride in the white man's car, the other seeks to make the black man's car clean and respectable; one demands the ballot for ignorant black men because ignorant white men have the ballot, the other asks opportunity to make the black man competent for the duties of citizenship, and wishes no man to vote, white or colored, who is not competent; one would build the educational system for the race on the university, the other would build it on the common school and the industrial school; one wishes to teach the negro to read the Ten Commandments in Hebrew, the other wishes first to teach him to obey them in English; to one labor is barely more honorable than idleness and the education which makes "laborers and nothing more" is regarded with ill-concealed contempt, to the other industry is the basic virtue, and the education which makes industry intelligent is the foundation of civilization. The first view has frequently crude representation in negro journals and by negro orators—political and religious; but the ablest and most cultivated expression of it which we

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have ever seen is afforded by the volume of Professor Du Bois, albeit presented with qualifications which in this brief summary it is impossible to represent; of the second view the pre-eminent representative is Dr. Washington. The Outlook heartily accepts the second view. Something like this is what it would say to its Afro-American readers:

I. Have faith in yourselves. Cultivate the spirit of self-respect; only he who respects himself will be respected by his neighbors. Decline to look at yourselves through your white neighbor's eyes; look at yourselves through your own eyes. Do not take the white man as a standard; make your own standards. Be not imitators. There is no more reason why you should imitate the white man than why the white man should imitate you. No man can make himself into another man; no race can make itself into another race. The missionary makes a mistake who tries to convert the negro into an Anglo-Saxon; the negro makes a greater mistake who desires for himself any such conversion. The Anglo-Saxon was once a subject race; it did not win its present position by trying to be Norman. Do not try to be an Anglo-Saxon; be an Afro-American, and be proud that you are one.

II. Do not push yourself forward; do not allow would-be leaders to push you forward. Do not be ambitious for social equality, or industrial equality, or political equality, or any kind of equality. Be ambitious to be men, and trust that in time the manhood will make for itself a place; it always does. The whole power of the Federal Government did not suffice to give you political power; it failed because you had not the necessary preparation for the exercise of political power. The United States Supreme Court has decided that it cannot give you political power by a judicial device. The slower way is the quicker way. Get political competence, and trust that political power will follow in due time. In most if not all the Southern States the possession of about three hundred dollars' worth of taxable property entitles you, under the amended constitutions, to a ballot. Set yourselves, by honest and intelligent industry, to get the property; then ask for the ballot. If registrars deny it to you, when you go before them with your tax receipt, appeal to the State courts to enforce the State law. If ignorant, shiftless white men vote, so much the worse for the State. It is neither for your interest nor for that of the State that you should be represented by an ignorant and shiftless negro vote. Nothing is for your interest that is not for the State's interest.

So also in the industrial and the social world. Acquire intelligence and virtue, and what usually accompanies them in this country, a moderate property, and the doors of industry and the respect of your fellow-men will follow. What Dr. Washington said at Atlanta, what Professor Du Bois calls the "Atlanta Compromise," is no compromise; it is a principle of universal application, just as true and just as applicable in the Northern factory as the Southern plantation: "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the five fingers, and yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." Never forget this principle; never demand social recognition; social recognition is never given on demand. Always work for mutual progress. What member of your race has risen to the position of social respect, won the opportunity of useful industry, and acquired the political influence of Dr. Washington? Follow in the path he has blazed for you, and you will arrive, sooner or later, at the same destination.

III. Therefore seek education—first, last, and all the time. But do not fall into the notion that education means ability to read and understand Homer and Dante. Do not let Professor Du Bois's picture of Socrates and Francis of Assisi deceive you. There are already enough "brothers of the poor" of your race in America; you do not need to add to their number. The first duty of every man is to earn his living; after that comes the duty of adding to the life of others. Seek for yourself, seek for your race, first the ability to earn a living. Is this materialism? Very well! materialism is the basis of life. What not only your race, what the great mass of the American people, need to-day is a broader education rather than a higher education. No education for any race, or for any individual of any race, is adequate which does not include manual training; and no education is worthy of the name which leaves

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its recipient helplessly dependent on his neighbors for his livelihood. Are you a teacher, or a preacher, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a merchant? can you read Greek? can you enjoy Homer and Dante, Raphael and Titian, Beethoven and Brahms? Very well; but do not content yourself by the endeavor to pass your knowledge along to your race; use it to make them first of all self-respecting and self-supporting citizens; second, practical contributors to the welfare of the community in which they live. It is not true that Dr. Washington asks "that black people give up, at least for the present, three things—first, political power; second, insistence on civil rights; third, higher education of negro youth." It requires all our charity to think that Professor Du Bois really believes that Dr. Washington has ever asked anything of the sort. He asks his fellows to get political power by proving their capacity to exercise it; civil rights by obedience to law; and higher education by building it on a foundation of a broad industrial and ethical education. In this he is absolutely right. Political power without previously acquired capacity to use it is always dangerous to others and generally dangerous to the possessor; the civil rights of a freeman the lawless are not entitled to; and higher education without a foundation laid in elementary education is a castle in the air, which collapses at the first rude awakening of the ill-bred scholar to the exigencies of actual life.

IV. Do not think about yourself. Do not think about your woes or your wrongs. Meditate, not on "the souls of black folk," but on "the future of the American negro." Look out, not in; forward, not backward. Put your thought on your work, not on your soul; and take council of your hopes, not of your discouragements. Do not look too long on the one-roomed cabins, or on the mortgaged farms, or on the usurious rates of interest, or on the Jim Crow cars, or on the short-term schools. Remember that forty years ago few negroes in Virginia owned themselves, and that now they own seventeen and a half million dollars' worth of taxable property; that forty years ago it was a penal offense to teach a negro to read, and that now there are public schools for him, supported at public cost, in every Southern State; that forty years ago no negro could vote, and now that negroes are registering and voting and having their votes counted in every State and in nearly every county in the South.

The negro still suffers injustice; he is still subject to a sometimes cruel prejudice. The Outlook does not condone the first nor apologize for the second. But what is the remedy? Not Federal Force Bills; not Supreme Court decisions enforcing political equality; not a veneer of culture on a nature ill developed in the essentials of practical life; not self-assertiveness and clamorous demand for political rights or social equality. Character. Character—developed by broad systems of education in the negro and not less in the white race. Character—wrought in the individual and extending by a gradual process throughout the community. Character—the foundations of which are truth, honesty, chastity, temperance, industry, intelligence; the superstructure of which is material property, mutual respect, personal culture, political freedom, and social peace.

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Richard Henry Stoddard

Since the venerable figure of William Cullen Bryant vanished from the streets of New York, Richard Henry Stoddard has been the senior member of the group of working literary men in this city. His physical infirmities, and the sorrow which came to him in the death of his wife and his son, bore heavily on his spirit and on his body; and for many months past he had been rarely seen on the streets, or at the clubs which he once loved to frequent. The son of a sea captain, there was something virile and sturdy about Mr. Stoddard which deepened the pathos of his partial disablement; and the news of his death at his home in this city on Tuesday of last week, while it brought a shock to his friends, also brought a feeling of relief, for it meant escape from very hard conditions, and freedom from wearing limitations.

Born at Hingham, Mass., on July 2, 1825, the son of a sea captain, Mr. Stoddard lost his father at an early age, and was brought to New York in his tenth year, where he first attended a public

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school, and later entered a law office, from which he passed to a newspaper office. Then he tried to learn the tailor's trade, and after that the trade of a blacksmith; at the age of twenty-one he was working at iron-molding. While he was passing from one avocation to another, in that uncertainty of mind which is the lot of many young men of original force and ability, Mr. Stoddard was writing poetry and learning by practice the art of writing. His first volume, published in 1849, when he was twenty-four years of age, was entitled "Footprints." He was an early contributor to the "Knickerbocker." In 1851 he married Elizabeth Barstow, a woman of great force of intellect and marked individuality of character, a writer of poems and novels of distinctive quality. Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the reprint of three of Mrs. Stoddard's stories which was made a few years ago, and which recalled their striking excellencies and equally striking defects to a generation which had slight familiarity with them. From 1853 until 1870 Mr. Stoddard had a place in the Custom-House in this city. By this time he was devoting himself regularly and persistently to writing, had formed the acquaintance of Bayard Taylor, between whom and himself there was a devoted friendship, had begun to write reviews for the "Tribune," was responsible for the literary work of the "World" from 1860 to 1870, and for more than twenty years past held the position of literary editor of the "Mail and Express."

During all the early period while he had been trying his hand at various avocations, Mr. Stoddard had been fitting himself for his real vocation, which was that of a writer of lyric poetry. He was an essayist, a biographer, and a critic; but, first and foremost, he was a song writer. A working man of letters who for many years lived by his pen, Mr. Stoddard had remarkable command of his literary resources, wide knowledge of books, rapidity of judgment, skill in the use of the various forms of literature; but it was through his lyric poetry that he most distinctively and directly expressed himself. Mr. Stedman, who lightened the lonely months of his last year, and who was beside his bed on the last day of his life, has defined his characteristics as "affluence, sincere feeling, strength, a manner peculiarly his own, very delicate fancy, and, above all, an imagination at times exceeded by that of no other American poet. This last quality pervades his more ambitious pieces, and at times breaks out suddenly in his minor efforts, by which he was best known."

It is safe to predict that it is through these shorter pieces, which have the pure lyric quality, that Mr. Stoddard will be remembered, rather than through his more ambitious pieces. Although he tried his hand successfully at many kinds of writing and had an intimate acquaintance with a wide range of literature, his truest success is to be found in the field of pure song. He has left a few records of his feeling, his experience, his sentiment, and his aspiration, which, by reason of their quality, their spontaneity, their freshness, and their melody, are likely to live long. He was a true singer, not in any sense a great one; with an imagination which had the power of kindling, a manly warmth of heart, and the courage of his emotions as well as of his convictions. He is at his best when he is least ambitious; and his real gift shows itself, not when he is experimenting with difficult meters, but when the rill of song flows free and untrammeled in natural measures. That quality which cannot be defined, but of which only the real poet is the master, is shown in these verses, among the simplest and yet at the same time among the most characteristic that he has left the world:

> How are songs begot and bred?
> How do golden measures flow?
> From the heart, or from the head?
> Happy Poet, let me know.
>
> Tell me first how folded flowers
> Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
> How the south wind shapes its tune,—
> The harper, he, of June.
>
> None may answer, none may know;
> Winds and flowers come and go,
> And the self-same canons bind
> Nature and the Poet's mind.

A man of Mr. Stoddard's gifts is best described in his own speech; and no characterization can convey so fully and clearly his quality as his own work. Mr. Stoddard's thoughtfulness, his sentiment, his imagination, and the delicacy and freshness of his phrasing are seen at best

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in two little songs, one of which is likely to appear and reappear in American anthologies of the future for many decades to come. His description of Thackeray following the Angel of Death in "Adsum," published forty years ago, contains some striking lines:

Into the night they went;
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide,—
Where grand old Homer sits
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here."

But most effective and most characteristic is a little song, the pathos of which must have come back to the old poet again and again in these later months of loneliness:

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

A dinner in Mr. Stoddard's honor was given by the Authors Club in this city six years ago. It brought together many of his friends, and evoked expressions of regret from many men of letters who were compelled to be absent; but the most effective and impressive expression of the evening came from the old poet himself; and the closing lines of the verses which he read on that occasion may be spoken as a kind of postlude to his own arduous career:

When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
"This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could,
Not for his own poor personal good,
But for the glory of his art!"

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The Spectator

The Spectator was in Boston lately, and luckily happened to be there upon the third Monday and Tuesday of the month. For the benefit of those outside the Hub it may be well to explain that unless one is in Boston in the first or third week of the month one stands no chance of seeing "Fenway Court," Mrs. "Jack" Gardner's new Italian palace, known more accurately as "The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Incorporated." And, as the popular song goes,

"I tell you it's something to see!"

Perhaps the difficulty of penetrating its gates heightens the appreciation of the visitor, for, being on exhibition only four days out of each month, from eleven to three, and but two hundred tickets, at one dollar each, being issued for each day (the majority of which are taken up months beforehand by canny Bostonians), the chances of admission for the transient comer are decidedly slim.

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The Spectator cannot undertake to unravel fully these mysteries of admission. He learned, however, that the palace, as a palace, belongs to Mrs. Gardner, while the museum part, as a museum, belongs to a special corporation of which she is the guiding spirit and the treasurer. The palace is a creation made possible only by the possession of two great fortunes by its mistress; the museum, on the contrary, is to be self-supporting, and to turn over any surplus to the cause of art education. Out of these facts arise naturally the apparent contradictions and complications of the limited admission. The museum is for the public, and yet the palace is extremely hard for the public to get into. Most amazing of all, when one is in at last, he beholds no museum, but solely and only a palace, where every object of art, from Titian's "Rape of Europa" to the carved stone lions in the

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cloisters, is a part of a splendid whole, and not a ticketed item in a collection.

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In this way Mrs. Gardner, always noted for her social originality, has now given Boston, and indeed all America, a new artistic sensation. Museums are as plenty as blackberries, even in the most inartistic of our cities. The typical rich American likes to buy pictures, new and old, and the American public likes to have permanent collections of pictures established for its benefit. But nowhere in America, up to this time, has any one done what this American woman of fortune has accomplished—made an artistic and complete setting for a number, not only of great pictures, but of beautiful examples of architecture and handicraft, so that the whole is more exquisite than even its most beautiful part. There are, the Spectator was told, over five thousand separate objects of art built into or adorning this palace on the Fens; yet the Spectator has an unforgetable and complete impression, not of five thousand beautiful things, but of one thing of beauty, one artistic whole. Underneath this impression is another, equally complete, that no one but a woman could have done it. The Spectator did not need to be told that Mrs. Gardner, though she employed architects, was herself the designer of every arcade, every entrance, every vista and corner; that she, with her own hand, showed the workmen how to mix and dash on the pink-and-white plaster which gives the walls of the great interior court their exquisite rose-flushed glow under the sunshine that streams through the iron-ribbed glass roof; that she gave to each window, each balcony, each bit of marble railing and stair, each gargoyle, each pillar, that special place which seems so naturally to belong to it. The various pillars and pedestals in Fenway Court are a study in themselves—variously unlike, yet fitted into the general design of court and cloisters, with an unerring harmony of taste that makes each one belong just where it is, and produce no discord with the others. Pillars of porphyry, of granite, of marble, carved, twisted, Doric, Saracen, standing alone amid the palms or built into arch, window, balcony, or arcade—they are only one feature of the palace, but they show the problem that has been met and solved here, of combining modern material and modern work with the proper setting of the antique. American workmen, under Mrs. Gardner's direction, have here done what is associated in most minds with Venice or Granada instead.

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The great court, the keynote of the whole palace, seems, indeed, more Spanish than Italian. It is truly a patio, with its fountain dripping its waters leisurely from the mouths of marble dolphins, its palms and oleanders and acacia-trees, its mosaic pavement from the Villa Livia at Rome in the center, set in a wide border of brilliant flowers, and the whole surrounded by arched cloisters except at the further end, where a double stone staircase descends to it from a carved balcony. High up in the sunshine of the upper stories birds are constantly singing, and the perfume of the hyacinths and lilies fills the quiet air. How Mrs. Gardner has contrived a palace without draughts (which is certainly not according to Italian style) is one of her secrets; but the air is pure, cool, and still. The Spectator was told by his companion that at the first private reception given at Fenway Court, early in January, the heating apparatus was not satisfactory, and some wit remarked, apropos of the shivering assemblage, that "Mrs. Jack had added a new treasure to her museum—the Frieze of the Four Hundred." Yet, contrary to all expectation, including their own, not one of the distinguished guests had a cold in consequence, since there were no draughts to produce it. From this central court the Spectator wandered through the various rooms and corridors, always to come back to balcony or window for another look at its beauty. Though it was a decidedly cold day, with an east wind blowing across the Fenway as only a Boston east wind can blow, every window was open upon this roofed, inclosed, and sunshiny court, and it might have been truly a spring day in Italy that one was enjoying. In the wide, perfectly lighted rooms, grouped with unfailing taste, against wall-backgrounds of antique tapestry, stamped leather, or brocade, hung the splendid pictures by Raphael, Titian,

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Velasquez, Rembrandt, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Rubens, and the rest, which Mrs. Gardner has collected abroad and gathered here. "There are only twenty-nine things in the palace on which duty has not been paid," remarked the Spectator's Bostonian friend, "and the sum of two hundred thousand dollars has been spent in bringing in the others." These twenty-nine, it seems, belonged to the museum and not to the palace, but which they were the Spectator could not find out, and twenty-nine out of five thousand is a very small proportion indeed.

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One of the few defects in the otherwise excellent taste of the palace is supposed to be the blue tint of the walls of the long galleries upstairs. The tones of the famous Chigi Botticelli, the "Madonna aux Épis," are said to be "shockingly impaired" by this inharmonious background. The Spectator is not an art critic, but only one of the general public, and so, though he records this criticism, he would never have known that the deeply, darkly, beautifully blue background was impairing the Botticelli at all, though he recognized that, for a celebrated picture, it was rather disappointing. Most of the famous paintings, however, are grouped in the great rooms—the Titian Room, the Raphael Room, the Dutch Room, the Veronese Room, and so on—and their setting is marvelously managed. The Dutch Room, for instance, with its green hangings, its two quaint long tables with a bowl of greenish orchids on each, its splendid Renaissance stone fireplace, gives every Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Terburg in it its full value and beauty. The pictures are not crowded on the walls, but have enough space not to look like an exhibition. In the Veronese Room the ceiling is by Paul Veronese—the "Coronation of Hebe," and though, to the Spectator's mind, the modern ornamental border does not suit it at all, the wall-hangings of stamped leather, profusely gilt, are exquisitely appropriate, and enhance its rich and florid beauty. In the Titian Room, the "Rape of Europa" hangs on one side of the doorway, and the "Philip the Fourth" of Velasquez on the other—two of the great pictures of the world—while through the wide triple window one looks down upon the color and fragrance of the court below. The Raphael Room, with its background of crimson brocade, holds more than one Raphael, and a Lippo Lippi, a Francia, a Mantegna, besides an altar-piece by Fra Angelico, very charming in its delicate blues and clustering saints and angels. If Fenway Court were not a palace, it would still be a fine museum of art. But, then, museums of art are unartistic, and this, it must be added, is artistic to the point of genius.

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Far up in the stories next the glass roof the Spectator could see sunny galleries with bay-trees in tubs, and more birds and flowers; and behind the wrought-iron grilles of the lower galleries a chapel with carved oak stalls open on one side, and on the other a vista of cases of rare books and manuscripts, armor, embroideries, bas-reliefs, and a long room beyond where the famous portrait of Mrs. Gardner by Sargent hung in view at the end. She herself, the Spectator noticed, came and went from this private part of her palace through the rooms where the visitors were admitted, and then vanished again behind the iron grilles. The palace is not opened unless she is present, and she admits only two hundred at a time, so that there will be no crowding and no danger of breaking or defacing her treasures. The Spectator counted ten stalwart policemen in attendance, besides a number of maids on the alert, and several friends of the hostess sitting in the various rooms, on guard, so to speak. There are problems in combining a museum with a palace lived in by the owner; but, as that owner has triumphantly surmounted far greater problems in creating her Italian palace at all, the Spectator feels sure of her ultimate successes in solution. The future of the "Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Incorporated," is safe in her hands. No longer young, a widow, and childless, there is some reason to suppose that the city will inherit from her, in the end, this palace of beauty among the Fens. At present, the public, whether of her own city or not, owes her a true debt of gratitude for giving it these glimpses of the new and exquisite possibilities of an Italian palace in the New World.

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The Personality of Emerson

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

I HAVE always thought that one of the most charming of Browning's poems, perhaps because one of the shortest, is that in which he compares his contact with a man who had once seen Shelley to picking up an eagle's feather on a path. Every direct glimpse of a great man is an eagle's feather to us, and, at any rate, his personality is brought nearest by seeing him face to face. One of the most brilliant women I ever met once told me that she did not know which gave us most knowledge of an eminent man, to have read everything he had written and read of everything he had done, without having seen him—or, on the other hand, the very first moment's glance into his face. This is the translation into prose of Browning's eagle's feather.

My first eagle's feather, in respect to Emerson, belongs to the period when I was a boy of eleven or thereabouts, and went to the old-fashioned Lyceum lectures in Lyceum Hall in Harvard Square. There I first saw and heard Emerson, and was perhaps in the position of the old woman in Concord who, when asked if she understood his lectures, replied, "Not a word; but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was." ("Emerson in Concord," p. 148.) The memory of this was fixed indelibly on my mind by the very structure of the Cambridge Lyceum. In the old building, not the present one, there was a mysterious hole in the slanting floor among the upper seats, which was originally intended for a stove-pipe at least, and, being left open, became gradually the stairway for us village boys, who, naturally, dropped down it very soon with much unnecessary noise when we got tired of the lecture, which was usually early. Emerson set my playmates flying soon; but I kept my seat, and when I descended decorously at the very end of the lecture, which was, I think, on Martin Luther, I was received with indignation and contempt by my playmates. I pleaded guilty, like the old woman, to not understanding him, but said that I liked to look at him and to hear his voice. This was my first eagle's feather.

Many years passed, and I saw and heard him at meetings and lectures, especially at some which touched on slavery, when the Southern law students, then numerous in Cambridge, went to scoff and, let us hope, remained as converts. The only point I distinctly remember of these lectures is that when, on one occasion, he was speaking on Eloquence, he said, in his staccato manner, "All Southerners are eloquent;" and then, with unbroken placidity, after a round of applause, "All negroes are eloquent," after which the applause came from another direction. It was later than this, however, and after my graduation, that I had actual communication with him. The contributors to the old "Dial" which he latterly edited have now, I think, all passed away, and I am perhaps the last among even the rejected contributors to the magazine. I sent to Mr. Emerson in its last years some verses called "Sunset Thoughts," which had, I fear, the commonplaceness of their title, but were very genuine and real to me, and were met by him with a verdict which has always seemed to me unsurpassable. His note read thus:

> To W. H. Perhaps I shall not print the 'Sunset Thoughts' in the 'Dial.' They have truth and earnestness, and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be commanded nor described.

"Which can neither be commanded nor described." Were ever the inevitable scissors of fate, cutting short the wings of young ambition, more exquisitely applied? A myriad times, at the age of twenty, did I dwell on those two felicitous epithets, and many a time in later years I have repeated them with equally smooth intent to applicants for criticism. I will not say that I did not glance longingly into the few remaining numbers of the "Dial," for Mr. Emerson had added a consoling postscript, "P. S. Perhaps after all I may publish your verses," but I submitted meekly and with a permanent love and reverence for my wise executioner.

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My next eagle's feather came, as it were, amid the rush of mighty winds. It was on the question of admission of women to the Town and Country Club, in Boston, half a century ago. When that Club met in Boston, perhaps the best attempt at a really varied intellectual gathering ever made there, the question became inevitable, Shall women be admitted? and I, being younger than now, and not much wiser, was naturally enlisted in the effort to bring them in. One result of this may be seen in the following letter from Mr. Emerson to me:

Concord, 16 May, 1849.

My dear Sir, I was in town yesterday and Mr. Alcott showed me the list of subscribers to the Town and Country Club, and I read at or near the end of the list the names of two ladies, written down, as he told me, by your own hand [Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam and Miss Elizabeth Peabody]. On the instant, I took a pen and scratched or blotted out the names. Such is the naked fact. Whether the suggestion I obeyed was supernal or infernal, I say not. But I have to say that I looked upon the circumstance of the names of two ladies standing there upon our roll as quite fatal to the existence of our cherished Club. I had stated to the Club the other day that "men" was used designedly and distinctively in the first draft, and the Club by vote decided that it should stand so. I had moreover yesterday just come from a conference with some gentlemen respecting the views of an important section of the members, who, alarmed by the pugnacious attitudes into which the Club was betrayed the other day, were preparing to withdraw, and whom I had assured that all those who had long been projecting their literary Club would not be deprived of their object, and something else thrust on them, when to my surprise I found this inscription of names of ladies. I erased them at once, that no man might mistake our design. I really wish you would join with us in securing what we really want, a legitimate Club Room; and very many of us will, I doubt not, heartily join with you in obtaining what is legitimate also, but not what we now seek, a Social Union of literature, science, etc., for the sexes. But we claim the priority of time in our project, and do not wish to be hindered of it, when it is now ripened and being realized. I am quite sure it is the right of the great majority of persons who have acted in it hitherto, to establish a Club-house; and you must let us do it, and you must heartily join and help us to do it.

Yours with great regard,
R. W. EMERSON.

I will resist the temptation of fatiguing the reader with my answer to this letter, but will say only that I ventured to point out that the Club had not, at its meetings for organization, decided the question as he supposed; that it had, on the contrary, expressly left it unsettled by adopting a resolution introduced by the Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Salem, leaving it open, and that two of the leading founders, Mr. Alcott and Theodore Parker, took my view of the subject. I explained that my feeling was that the test of an actual nomination would leave the Club in an unequivocal position, while anything else would be evasive and unworthy of us. Mr. Emerson was afterwards an active member of several clubs including both sexes, especially of the Radical Club so called, which met for many years. I think that Mr. Cabot in his Life of Emerson gives a somewhat mistaken impression of Mr. Emerson's position in respect to women, through having relied wholly on a letter written by him in 1850, at the very outset of the modern innovations in that direction; whereas Emerson wrote a letter in 1862, which may be found in Kennedy's Life of him, and in which he says, "It is very cheap wit that finds it so droll that women should want to vote. . . . And for the effect of it, I can only say, for one, that certainly all my points would be sooner carried if women voted."

As for the Club, it soon went to pieces on other grounds. My audacious cousin, Ellery Channing, who lately died at Concord, said that the trouble was that the organization was an attempt to combine two widely separated classes—rich men in Boston, who expected to pay $100 a year and have two or three elaborate dinners, and poor country ministers who expected to subscribe one dollar a year and get their board and lodging gratis every time they went to Boston.

Still another precious eagle's feather is a letter in answer to one I had written to Emerson after coming home from the Civil War, discharged because of a wound. I had written to him, I suppose, when I was trying to get myself adjusted to my old life and place and occupation—a readjustment which most men who went into the military service found rather hard. I quote but a part:

Concord, 18 July, 1864.

Col. T. W. Higginson.

My dear Sir,— . . . I rejoice that your case is taken in season, and to so good a hospital, wherein to heal your hurts, and if we lose you from the field, it is excellent to have a second and better arm. You will come back

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to so many old studies with the basis and the rhetoric of new experience. So I am forced to give you joy in any view I take of your position.

It would give me much pleasure to talk with you—if obtrusive and all-absorbing politics permitted,—on the topics you suggest, of the moral aspects of society at this moment. I observe that in France, in England, in America, the same things are being said, or the same principle is implied, if not quite articulated; and I often feel that the appearance of an enthusiastic moral genius, a new Zeno or Buddh, thinking and acting with simplicity, would crystallize the chaos, and begin the new world. But this is for the beginning not the end of a note.

Yours in the best hope,
R. W. EMERSON.

These are samples of the eagle's feathers; let us now turn to the flight of the eagle himself.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable example that we have had in America of the selection of leading names by a picked class of electors—a method which was the ideal of our ancestors, and which the Presidential electoral body unsuccessfully tried to put in practice—was in the voting for a Hall of Fame in New York, as given by a hundred men and women, or, more accurately, by ninety-seven men and three women, selected with what seemed to be the greatest care. It consisted of twenty-five chief justices, National and State; twenty-five presidents of colleges; twenty-five professors of history or scientists; and twenty-five publicists, editors, and authors. All but three of these cast their votes and succeeded in electing twenty-nine candidates out of the possible fifty; a majority, not a mere plurality, being required. The first seven of these, as was natural, were taken from public life. Next to these, being eighth in order, came Emerson. Washington, alone among them, had every vote cast, 97; Lincoln and Webster had 96, Franklin 94, Grant 93, Marshall and Jefferson 91 each, Emerson 87. Every other author, every other poet, every great inventor, merchant, or scientist, remained below—only three other literary men being, indeed, included—Longfellow, Irving, and Hawthorne. The decision was not, of course, infallible, but it was a remarkable testimonial to the recognized leadership of our foremost literary man. Let us now ask, What was the key to his power?

It is a proof of the many-sidedness of Emerson that so many people seek to determine this key, whether they grasp it or not. When a man takes quietly a supreme hold upon the thought even of his own country, it is inevitable to ask the source of his influence; and it is difficult to look back upon the great literary leaders of the world without seeing that they may be divided into the system-makers and the non-system-makers, and without also seeing that the latter class endure the longest, on the whole. Plato had so little system that we rarely know at any given moment whether he is speaking for himself or for Socrates, his master. Aristotle had his own system, and we care in comparison little for it. The great English, Scotch, French, and German philosophers pass in review, and we see how they succeed and replace one another. But Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, Seneca, still live; their detached maxims outlast the systems of others; they did not displace each other; new versions of them constantly appear, perhaps to remind us that it is, after all, the fragmentary and unsystematic teacher that we most need. Renan's fine remark about the works of Marcus Antoninus, that "they will never grow antiquated, because they embody no dogma," might have been made for Emerson. I heard the same point made by that very acute thinker Mr. Griggs, who said of Emerson, "He did not aim to combine, and was therefore always fertilizing, like Plato." Of course the lack of system may be worse than any system, just as non-ostentation may become more offensive than ostentation; but it is the man who is oppressed by neither that we like the best. There may have been moments when Emerson yearned for a formal method—in his first lecture on "The Natural History of the Intellect" he seemed to be trying for it, but the second lecture of the course never came. He holds us by his detached sentences; if we take those to heart, each reader perhaps carrying away a different sentence, it is all we ask.

When he says, "We are too young by some ages yet to form a creed," we are reconciled to take all the wisdom that we can handle, and wait those ages for the rest. And when he says, "The end of life is an action and not a thought," he

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gives us something to live upon; we fall back upon it; it becomes embedded in us like those cannon-balls you see embedded in trees at the Loyal Legion Museum on Columbus Avenue; the cannon-ball has not changed since the Civil War, but what interests us is to see how its silent presence seems to have entered the tree about it, so that the growing bark has at last almost concealed it.

It is well to remember that we have still explored but imperfectly the antecedents of Mr. Emerson, because we have looked but imperfectly at his maternal ancestors. We have had in literature a multitude of descriptions of the purely Puritan training. But we know, as yet, too little of the curious double influence which came in with the introduction of the Episcopal Church, as, for instance, in case of a family like the Haskinses, of which Emerson's mother was a member. Mr. Haskins was an Episcopalian; Mrs. Haskins, a Congregationalist; and at a certain age every child of the large household must make his or her own choice and give the reasons in writing. Mrs. Emerson chose the Episcopal worship. On Sundays they walked together to church, the children following them in pairs till at the corner of Washington and Winter Streets they turned different ways; and it is recorded that, when they reached that point, Mr. Haskins once said to a gentleman who was visiting them, "Do you prefer to go to meeting with Mrs. Haskins? Or will you worship with the saints and servants of the Lord at Trinity?" What the discipline was at home we know from another anecdote. One day, when the family were at dinner, a building near their house was seen to be on fire. The group of children instantly started from their places, but were checked instantly by their father, who, rapping on the table to command attention, returned thanks for the meal, as on other days. "The Lord be praised for this and all his mercies," he said, and then, after a short pause, added, "Now boys, run!" It is no wonder that Emerson's first verses as a boy of eleven years were written about this grandfather; and no wonder that his own mother, thus bred, should have been able in later life, when she had broken her hip by a fall during the night, to go back again to bed and lie till morning, rather than ring the bell for her maid earlier than usual.

Drawing from these several inheritances so great a range of traits, it is not strange that no two observers give us the same Emerson. To Cabot he is one person, to his son another, to Holmes another, to Sanborn another, and to his last and perhaps acutest critic, John Jay Chapman, another still. Part of this difference was a difference of period, in that he came out of the established Puritanism earlier than others and therefore less completely. He had spent his life, he said, in the effort to get the frock off his shoulders, whereas younger men, even among the transcendentalists, had simply worn it, if at all, for convenience, or played with it, and had dropped it easily when the time came. He clung to a few conservative traditions; did not wish to have his children make a noise on Sunday, or to have morning prayers abolished at Harvard College. He may have had temptations to resist, like many of his followers, or failed, like many, to resist them. No one who ever saw him with his grandchildren on his knee could doubt that there was a child of gayety somewhere within the grandpapa himself. His formal definitions of love may sound like a crucifixion of the natural instincts, carried on systematically for two hundred years; but, after all, he was a father and a grandfather, not a celibate priest. He held the moral law to be the supreme truth, but he did not toss his little grandchild in his arms under the mere guidance of the moral law.

Yet we see in him a seeming want of all very intimate personal relation with men and women. The love of children rose easily in him, the younger the better; and no one has better touched by a single stroke the smiling discourse of the village girl with the shop-boy over the counter; but no lover ever yet found his essay on love anything but insufficient. He finds himself compelled to write even of Alcott: "It is not the sea and poverty and pursuit that separate us. Here is Alcott by my door—yet is the union more profound? No! the sea, vocation, poverty, are seeming fences, but man is insular and cannot be touched. Every man is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition. . . . Most of the persons whom I see in

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my own house I see across a gulf; I cannot go to them, nor they come to me."

In other directions the same gulf existed. He had no real love for traveling, at least in historic regions. He loved the wild landscape under guidance of Thoreau and Ellery Channing, and afterwards on his trip to the Pacific; but Italy was to him "a rococo toy." Chapman says admirably, "If there is one supreme sensation reserved for man, it is the vision of Venice seen from the water." But Emerson's own description of it at the age of thirty is that it "looked for some time like nothing but New York. It is a great oddity, a city for beavers, but to my thought a most disagreeable residence. You feel always in prison and solitary. It is as if you were always at sea. I soon had enough of it." Yet Holmes says truly of him that his very smile was a writing out in living features of Terence's famous motto, "I am a man and find nothing human foreign to me;" and the New York journalist and poet, N. P. Willis, says of his voice, "It is a voice with shoulders in it, which he has not; with lungs in it far larger than his; with a walk which the public never see; . . . and with a gentleman in it which his parochial and 'bare-necessaries-of-life' sort of exterior gives no other betrayal of. . . . A heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia, with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, which should be lifted by a whirlwind and dropped into a branch of aspen, would not seem more as if it could never have grown there than Emerson's voice seems inspired and foreign to his visible and natural body."

The deficiency we reluctantly feel in Emerson is perhaps best hinted at by Plato's saying that "no sober man should knock at the door of the Muses." There is an obvious peril, especially to the literary man, in yielding to any carnal temptation; but there may be a drawback in being created incapable of being thus tempted. It was, perhaps, by a secret instinct that Emerson was latterly led to smoke a placid cigar, or half of it, as his son charitably specifies—to drink a little wine, not for his often infirmities, as the Scripture prescribes, but rather that he might keep within hailing distance of human weakness. The tale that he once ordered a mint julep, and the barkeeper gave him a glass of water as more suitable to his appearance, is doubtless a pure invention, like the tale of Margaret Fuller and himself at the opera, but the fact of the invention is itself a criticism. I reminded him once that I had heard him speak in commendation of "our water-drinking poets," but he shook his head gravely and thought I must be mistaken. But I remained unconvinced. He certainly would have preferred in this, as in all things, to represent the intermediate, the judicial ground, and not the extreme. In public meetings where there might be two men, as Barrie describes his two Scotch schoolmasters, standing on their legs at the same time and imploring each other passionately to be calm, Emerson could be calm without passion. Notice, for instance, the high-bred tone of his approach to perhaps the most radical attitude he ever took, his espousal of the cause of John Brown, when he said, "All gentlemen are on his [Captain John Brown's] side. I do not mean by gentlemen, people of scented hair and perfumed handkerchiefs, but men of gentle blood and generosity, 'fulfilled with all nobleness,' who, like the Cid, give the outcast leper a share of their bed; like the dying Sidney, pass the cup of cold water to the soldier that needs it more."

As the Civil War drew near, Emerson wrote in his journal: "Do the duty of the hour. Just now the supreme public duty of all thinking men is to assert freedom. Go where it is threatened and say, 'I am for it, and do not wish to live in the world a moment longer than it exists.'" Accordingly he went, invited by Wendell Phillips, to an anti-slavery meeting in Boston, where a well-dressed mob silenced his voice. On hearing some rather shallow sermon against war, he wrote: "I felt while he spoke that it was easy, or at least possible, to open to the audience the thesis which he mouthed upon, how the divine order 'pays' the country for the sacrifices it has made and makes in the war. War ennobles the country; searches it; fires it; acquaints it with its resources; turns it away from false alliances, vain hopes, and theatric attitude; puts it on its mettle—'in ourselves our safety must be sought;'—gives it scope and object; concentrates history into a year; invents means; systematizes every-

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thing. We began the war in vast confusion; when we end it, all will be system." What a series of condensed aphorisms is this; in his own phrase, elsewhere used, it is "a shower of bullets."

It is curious, in view of all this, when we find some little English critic writing of Holmes's Life of Emerson, "The Boston of his day does not seem to have been a very strong place. We lack performance." Yet the English Earl of Carlisle had written of the old-time Abolitionists that they were "fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism," and Lord Houghton had written to me, when I sent him the Harvard Memorial Biographies, "They are men whom Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate." But whence came, humanly speaking, the influence that gave them strength, let Lowell, writing on the spot, reply: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of moral heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." This is what is meant in American history, at least, by performance; and if we go one step further back, and ask whence this strength came to Emerson, we must recall his mother, with her broken hip, and his aunt who taught her nephews the maxim, "Always do what you are afraid to do." It is curious how often, in writing of strong men, you trace their qualities back to some woman who was yet stronger.

In respect to his literary pursuits Emerson wrote once to Carlyle: "I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility and procrastination." But this was the price he paid for standing out for individual manhood in a dawning age of specialists. "Meek young men," he said in that great oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1837 which Dr. Holmes called our intellectual Declaration of Independence—"meek young men grow up in libraries believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." I suppose that all the accumulated sentences ever spoken before in America had not done so much to induce young students to think for themselves as that one sentence. To me, I know, the whole College Library became a servant, not a master, from that moment. The man who uttered the sentence paid the penalty in later years when he called himself the "victim of miscellany;" but what he was to younger contemporaries is best stated in what Lowell wrote to Holmes: "There was a majesty about him beyond all other men I have known, and he habitually dwelt in that ampler and diviner air to which most of us, if ever, only rise in spurts." (Holmes's Emerson, p. 361.)

Emerson's limitations, like those of all men, were definite. He had, for instance, no mechanical faculty, and it is recorded that his little son, seeing him at work with a spade, called out to him, "Take care, papa, you will dig your leg!" His friend George Ripley, a scholar by nature, declared his belief that Emerson never read ten pages of the books he quoted oftenest, Plato, Plutarch, or Montaigne. But he worked over his own writings with enormous labor, as is shown by the manuscript of his poem "Boston," which lay by him for many years, sometimes written part in pencil and part in ink, and evidently at different times. We have his son's authority for the fact that he "fitted the refrain to this work with some difficulty, as we see."

So severe was his self-scrutiny that out of these fifteen lines only seven appear in the "Boston Hymn" as printed, and even these sometimes with alterations, while eight of them were rejected, every word.

Emerson's last few years, his son tells us, were quiet and happy. Nature gently drew the veil over his eyes; he went to his study and tried to work, accomplished less and less, but did not notice it. However, he managed to look over and index most of his journals. He attended public meetings when he was not called upon to speak, went to lectures, and began to go to church again. "The instinct had always been there," his son says, "but he had felt that he could use his time to better purpose." His books, which the publishers had formerly called "very poor-paying stock," steadily increased in circulation. Many years earlier, after a walk with Thoreau, he had written in his diary that a walk in the woods was one of the secrets for dodging old age, and he wrote afterwards

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this address "To the Woods:" "Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson, whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. Comes he in good fortune or in bad, ye say the same things, and from age to age. Ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak; the maples redden in autumn, and at all times of the year the ground-pine and the pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called time by men, ye know them not. Men have not language to describe one moment of your life." (Emerson in Concord, p. 192.)

Earlier still he had written in his journal (October 21, 1837): "I said when I awoke, 'After some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattress sick; then dead; and through my gay entry they will carry these bones. Where shall I be then?' I lifted my head and beheld the spotless orange light of the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide universe." (Emerson in Concord, p. 195–6.)

A Preacher's Story of His Work[1]

By W. S. Rainsford

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

VIII.

A MINISTER ought to be able to make his people want to hear the doctrines he believes in. Of what use is a coachman if he cannot drive his team? Let him get off the box and get some team he can drive; the team is not there to drive him. I have seen men of brilliant promise in the seminary leave the seminary and take charge of a big church and be beaten by their churches; but a defeat like that, in my judgment, is the result of a wrong course. No man ought to take a church in which he thinks he is not going to have freedom—a clear road to go his way. As I look back, I thank God for my own experience. I was assistant for eleven years before I had sole charge; St. George's was my first sole charge. I deprecate the tendency of young men to take sole charge as soon as they leave the seminary; before they are ready for a big church. A boy who has learned to drive a pony in the country is not fit to drive a four-in-hand through the streets of New York; and the trouble with seminary boys is, before they have learned to drive ponies they want to drive a high-spirited four-in-hand; it cannot be done. A man who rides a bicycle may think he can drive a locomotive, but he can't.

But I know, too, that if only a man will not put self-seeking first, and if he has a message in his heart, he will draw around him the people who want that message. If he cannot draw people around him, I doubt whether he was meant to deliver a message as a minister of the Gospel. God does not want ten thousand men who will just pass; he wants the two or three who know what truth is and are willing to die for it if necessary; not those who, after a day's march, must needs pause, duck their heads into the river, and take long draughts; but those who are content to keep on their way and lap up water in their hands.

Then, a man must have freedom; if a man is placed where he is not free, let him, first of all, make himself free. If he has not freedom as a clergymen, let him be a bootmaker, or anything else where he can be free. A clergyman is no use until he is free. If he cannot find freedom in his church, he has been mistaken in the church; if he has a vestry, deacons, or any board that ties him up, let him get out and find some place where he can go his own way; sometimes it is better to get the deacons or vestrymen out. A clergyman cannot give God or man his best service unless he has freedom. I have had considerable experience with young clergymen; and I cannot recall an instance of a man's failure who really tried to live up to this principle. A man must first get rid of self-seeking before he can deliver his message so that it will tell.

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First let a man be fully persuaded in his own mind of his message, and then go to work. The world of men needs him. He will find his place. As I look back upon my own ministry, I know the reason why I succeeded long ago in England was because, so far as God gave me light, I was willing to give up everything—St. Giles's, London, or anything else that stood in my way—in order to be FREE. Later on, when I came to Toronto, and that second great season of darkness, of which I spoke, settled for eighteen months on my soul, I was, without quite knowing it, going through just the same struggle again. I was forced into a position in which I had the agony of seeing my work falling to pieces, my friends being disappointed in me, those who had been converted through my means saying, "You are tearing down what you built up; what are you doing!" and those in ecclesiastical authority saying, "If you respect yourself, you will resign," and not a soul to go to; and yet feeling that I could not preach what I did not believe to be true, nor could hesitate to say what I did believe to be true. If you are true to yourself, you cannot preach a thing until you are fully persuaded of it in your own mind; and when you are once fully persuaded, you cannot hold your tongue.

There is no downing a man who will get down on his knees and say from his heart, "Almighty God, I am willing to fail, if failure means the advancement of the kingdom of God." It sounds egotistical, perhaps, but I know from my own experience that the mistakes that have marked my own ministry have helped me to better things. Those eighteen months of darkness ground that into my soul: I would not and could not say what I did not believe, and when I saw things, I would not and could not fail to say them; and again and again in my ministry God in his mercy has brought me where I have failed, and I have been helped upward and onward.

I should like to give a specific instance or illustration of failure. I can look back now and see that God's hand was in it, but then it was nothing but bitterness. It was before I went to Toronto. I had been conducting a series of missions in different parts of the country, and I had been preaching some pretty good sermons—it is very easy, as I have said before, to turn out some good sermons when you preach ten or fifteen over and over, repeating them as you visit each church. A call came to me to speak on missions at the Church Congress in Boston. This was in 1877. I was so ignorant of ecclesiastical matters that I did not know what a Church Congress was—I had an idea that a few clergymen met together to discuss clerical matters. I had to speak at this Church Congress, I think, on Wednesday or Thursday. I had been holding mission services at the Church of the Holy Trinity, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, on the very morning I had to leave for Boston. I arrived in that city at 6:30, if I remember rightly, and I had to speak at 8:30. I went to the Music Hall about 8, and saw an audience of quite two thousand people—the place jammed, and two hundred and fifty clergymen and bishops on the platform. Cold shudders ran down my back. However, I knew my subject, or thought I did, and I was going to speak without notes—something I have never done since. My turn came after Father Benson, of Oxford. The whole place looked black to me; I got up, stammered and sputtered for five or six minutes—my time was twenty-five minutes—and sat down. I am not exaggerating in this; I did not say one clear sentence that would parse in that time. I sat down in darkness, and the meeting went on. At last people began to go, the men began to leave the platform; I did not know a soul. I sat there utterly cast down—a lonely youth indeed. All at once a large hand was laid on my shoulder, and a big, kind voice said: "Mr. Rainsford, will you preach for me in Trinity Church next Sunday morning?" That was my first meeting with Phillips Brooks. Was it any wonder I loved him? I did not know until afterward that Brooks had heard of my preaching, that he knew that a certain vestry of an important church were looking for a rector, and that he had engineered my speaking at the Church Congress in Boston. Naturally, after the display I made, the vestry did not want anything of me, and Brooks, out of his big heart, felt that this green boy had lost his head and failed, and determined to give him another chance at Trinity the next Sunday morning. I

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preached there, and did nearly as badly; Brooks sat listening to me, and he was a very terrifying man to preach before; but after that I saw a good deal of Phillips Brooks until he died.

That failure was one of the best things that could have happened to me. I was entirely unprepared to take charge of a church in Boston. Had I gotten it, I should have had an early and cheap success, and then nothing. I should not have gained my knowledge of the country, nor my experience with different people; nor would the people in Boston have been as patient with me as they were in Toronto in the great struggle that came to me. The people in Toronto I had led myself, and they were ready to suffer my lapses and changes; even so, their patience almost broke down. But in a great city, had I followed the same up-and-down course, I should simply have lost my grip and made failure that would have been hard to recover from.

So, when you ask, How can a man succeed? my answer is, If a man comes to the point where he is willing to fail that God may succeed, he cannot be downed. I think we have a great advantage in the Episcopal Church, for we are about the freest Church, although we are supposed to be the narrowest, and so if a man in the Episcopal Church is fully persuaded in his own mind that a certain course of action is right, it is very hard to shake him out of his seat.

I do not think it is an easy thing to be a clergyman. It is an easy thing to draw a salary and make a fair success; but to make your mark among men, to do anything more than simply march in the ranks —that is a pretty hard thing to do. I think it is only fair to say that, from 1876, when I first came to New York, to 1883, when I left Toronto, though I preached in almost every State in the Union, I never received a call to a single church except to one Presbyterian church; and if I were to leave St. George's to-day, I very much doubt whether I should have a call to many churches, certainly not to many influential ones. The people at St. George's would not have called me only they were so hard up; the church was going down, and they had to take my conditions, after other men had refused the call; and I firmly believe that if I were to close my relations honorably with St. George's now, there are very few churches in the United States that would have me. I was once presented to the Bishop for trial; and I do not think anything saved me from coming to trial but the fact that almost immediately afterward I broke a blood-vessel in my head when preaching, and for some time was near death. I had worked very hard, and I suppose my brethren of the clergy knew it, and the agitation slowly died down. The case never came to trial.

There are not only obstacles in the ministry, but influences that succeed in keeping young men from the ministry. I have known of strong influence at home brought to bear to suppress perhaps even only a boyish desire, which might yet have come to much, on the basis that there is no money in the ministry. For instance, the father earns $20,000 or $50,000 a year; he learns that his boy as a clergyman will never be likely to get more than $5,000, and determines that he does not want his son in the ministry. This difficulty exists, unquestionably; but I think what keeps more men out of the ministry than anything else is the idea that clerical life seems unreal and a little unmanly, and this idea is fostered by our clerical training and the clerical environment. It is a great mistake to think to train a clergyman differently from other men. In his training he is kept apart; he begins at last to think he is different; and the first thing you know, he who should have his soul most open to truth, and who should be the keenest to appreciate what is vital in life around him, does not get at truth as quickly as other men. His atmosphere is unhealthful and unreal, and that is the thing I think every man who takes a high view of what the clerical calling ought to be wants to fight against, wants to change. Mere clericalism is a terrible hindrance to religious life.

I think theological students average much better to-day than they did twenty years ago; the standard is unquestionably higher. If we could only convince men that when they put on the garb of a clergyman they do not diminish the man under the coat, the average would be still better. The laity are largely responsible for this. I hate, when I come into a gathering of men, to have them drop

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their voices because I am a clergyman. I would far rather have them swear, and not stop swearing when I am there. It is unfortunate that the seminaries should be in any way withdrawn from the universities. Men intended for the ministry are put away by themselves, they are taught that they are different from the rest of mankind, they dress differently, their methods of living are somewhat different, and so they get a certain professional stamp and twang which very often never wears off, and it is a hindrance; because, as I am trying to point out, the man who is merely clerical is going to play a diminishing part in this country; he has no place in democracy; he is an exotic; he is not a healthy growth; he is something imported from outside; he belongs to the past.

I am, of course, now speaking of the Protestant Church; the Catholic Church is more than clerical, it is sacerdotal. It has an enormous organization; it has the terrible *ipse dixit* of the Pope of Rome; it has a cast-iron system; it holds the keys of heaven and hell. An enormous proportion of the ignorant people are willing to accept all that, as an escape from themselves; but the ruling and controlling element in humanity is not going to yield to it. There is unquestionably a great deal of weariness as life grows more intense, and as knowledge increases more and more men can only gasp and say, "I cannot cover that; it is beyond me," and perhaps naturally seek relief in the Papal authority. Doubtless there are some people who are not willing to accept Romanism who find relief in the ritualism of the High Church; but I do not think those are the people who hold their own valiantly in the foreground of the battle of life; they are rather the maimed, the weary, the footsore. Democracy is not going to be led forward by them; nor is the minister going to succeed who ministers chiefly to them. The rest that I want, and the rest that will satisfy the poorest man, is not necessarily the rest which the Roman Catholic Church gives. I do not want the rest that comes with surrendering something that God has given me to defend, that I may gain strength in maintaining, using, and developing it.

Nevertheless, if a man only has a vision of God, he may be in the Roman Catholic Church, or anywhere else, and he will reach some people. Let men but stand for what they see and feel, and they will help their age. A man with this vision, if in the Roman Catholic Church, will reach thousands I never could reach; and I am thankful to God that he can help them; my message is not for them. My business is to get the light into my own soul, and then associate with those who can, generally speaking, march with me. I think as one grows older one grows more profoundly thankful that there are messages so absolutely different from one's own—different expressions of "the same spirit that worketh in every man severally as He will."

I fear that in what I have said about the clerical life I may appear to dwell entirely on the intellectual side, but that is not so. I spoke of my intellectual struggle, and the results of that struggle, but I do not want it understood that I believe in a purely intellectual ministry—that is not my idea at all. What I do maintain is that in a great majority of cases men will be stimulated and helped toward God by an intellectual effort to restate Gospel truth to them so that they can accept it without insulting their intelligence. Men do not want to give up the things their parents taught them—things that are sacred and sweet to them; but they can no longer accept them in the form their parents did. We must restate these things—awaken in them a sense of their sonship with God, and so stimulate their sense of service to their fellow-men. That is my experience. And this is exactly the point I have been working at all the time. There are great spiritual unities that bind men to one another—rich or poor, wise or unwise, learned or foolish; and if you approach men on those great basic unities, you win from them response.

One of the secrets of a successful ministry is to preach what you believe to be true, and nothing else. If it is true, it is going to win. A good deal of the success that has followed me in my ministry I lay to the fact that I was always sure of what I preached. I was sure I was right when I was talking to the people of Norwich, England, and when I was holding my missions in Toronto. I scored people; I abused them; I told them

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exactly what they must do and what they must not do. It was the fault of evangelicalism that it was a system over-systematized, and I fell fearfully into the fault of that creed in the earlier days of my preaching. Now I have no definite system such as I had then, a tradition received from my fathers. But in giving up the old systematic faith I have felt no loss; this other is so much richer and bigger. I had a delightful sense of exhilaration when I grasped this great principle, capable of universal application—that people are the children of God. I tell them that, and it thrills me as I say it, no matter how commonplace the words are. If a man has a spark of the divine in him when he is born into this world a crying, helpless baby, that spark is not going to be extinguished; God is not to be outdone, even by ten tons of muck. But in the old days, before I had this bigger faith, God blessed my ignorance in those dear, happy, early days as much as he blesses my ignorance at this moment. I was trying to do the best I could; I was trying to give to men the poor best I had. Oh, how imperfect and muddled it is even yet! I see some things now that I did not see then; but all along I only tried to do what God gave me to do, and that won the way for me. There is something in the soul of every man that responds to the divine reality in a messenger, if he is a real messenger. I believe that as firmly as I believe anything, and I repeat that to the young clergy, and my boys and girls, and all over the land wherever I have a chance.

[THE END]

Some Phases of Immigrant Travel

By James B. Connolly

Author of "Out of Gloucester," etc.

THIS is something of the writer's experience as an immigrant passenger from a European port to New York on one of the largest steamers crossing the ocean. She was nearly six hundred feet long, a seven-day boat, and carried, all told, about twelve hundred passengers, of which, on this trip, eight hundred were steerage, from southern and western Europe and from Asia Minor—made up mostly of Armenians, Russians, Greeks, and Italians, with a scattered few to each of a half-dozen other nationalities.

Of these steerage passengers there was no intention to make exhaustive studies. The writer's idea was simply to observe what was going on aboard ship, and to take unstrained whatever might be served out. He believes that he "got all that was coming to him" as an immigrant; certainly, of some things he bore away a vivid remembrance.

First—but only to touch it lightly—there was the matter of sleeping accommodations. Packed away in tiers, upper and lower, with only pieces of iron piping separating one from the other, a fairly broad-backed man, lying flat in his berth, could feel the piping touching his shoulders on either side. There was no room to squirm about. Kick out and you kicked your neighbor. Remove the piping, and with every roll of the ship a row of from six to ten men would be thrown together as though in one large bed. In the narrow confines of this sleeping-place the immigrant had to remove such clothes as he found necessary to insure comfort in sleeping. He did not stand in the aisle to do this, because the aisle was too dirty. (For the lack of cleanness in the aisle the immigrants should, perhaps, be blamed equally with the company's servants, who could hardly be expected to prosecute with enthusiasm a work in which the passengers seemed not to be particularly interested.) There was a single nail on which to hang what clothes one took off. What would not stay on the nail might be laid on the greasy-looking floor, or tucked away in one's berth—preferably down at the foot as the least crowded section, although that invited the scattering of them about if during the night one's sleep should be restless.

From the evil-smelling confinement of this inadequately ventilated compartment, three decks down, where more than a hundred and twenty-odd men at close quarters had to sleep the night through,

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the immigrant begins his day at sea by ascending to a wet, dirty deck. If anybody here feels inclined in advance to criticise the immigrant for not sticking to his berth during the early morning hours, then it may be said in his defense that after a night in the hold of the usual ocean liner a man's first thought is for a change of air. No man brought up on merely casual whiffs of fresh air could endure for long, after waking, the early morning vapors below. The exhalations of ten dozen unlaundered men packed away in jammed-up berths for eight hours or so do not bring into the mists of the morning any suggestion of a celestial atmosphere to come; and so, on awakening, came the hurried trip above and the giving of thanks if the good, sound stomach held fast while one was escaping. On one's way to the upper regions he finds a smell of dried sourness pervading the stairways, and on deck he sees the litter of the previous day still lying where ignorant or careless hands had dropped them. He remembers having heard the stewards say that they are not supposed to clean up after steerage messings, that that was a matter to be attended to when the crew wash down decks; and already he begins to feel the influence of the prejudice that all ship's attendants seem to hold for the steerage passenger.

This big deck, on which the cleanly immigrant is forced to spend a large part of his time, extends almost the length of the ship. The part given over to the steerage is the passageway between the high closed-in rail and the house, and the little area at each end of the ship between the house and crew's quarters. One would think that in this long gangway on either side, with the line of benches along the house, and in the open space fore and aft, the immigrant might manage to extract a little comfort; and so he would, and so he does sometimes, if the ship's people would but nurse a little commiseration for him.

In this matter of decks: even the first cabin knows that the deck is washed down early in the morning, so that at a reasonable hour, six or seven o'clock, all will be dry and immaculately clean for its promenading. It may not know, however, that much of the water used in cleaning upper decks comes down by way of flush scuppers and scupper-pipes to settle on the living deck of the steerage.

But so it is. In that morning deluge, considered merely as a deluge, there is not much harm—the steerage needs a washing down. But coming just so, it seems rather rough on the early risers of third class. This water from above comes down in a great volume, even as a waterspout that has burst, or a series of burst waterspouts in quick succession. It has a way of running over the outer edges of the upper deck and curling clingingly around to the under planks. It works its way above the gangway and drops on to the heads of the humbler people beneath. There is plenty of this water, for it comes in a thick stream from a good-sized hose, and there is plenty of steam behind the hose, and the whole ocean is there to draw from. A sufficiency of sluicing saves a great deal of "squeegeeing" by hand power, and so there is no lack of incentive to get out plenty of water.

The overflow from all this runs directly into the scuppers on the steerage deck, excepting that one little item which descends so clingingly, and at first so unsuspectingly, by way of the upper deck's under-planking. The scuppers, it may be said, are good and necessary things, only sometimes too much faith is placed in their capacity to conduct all the water of the ship into the ocean. Ordinarily, and almost in due season, the scuppers would carry off this water, and it would only be needful for the most part to keep the scupper-drains clear; but here the drains are carelessly attended to. They are allowed to become clogged with refuse—with cast-away food, peelings, and what not—dropped there by the ignorant or careless of the immigrants and by lazy stewards alike.

This water from above soon drives the promenading immigrant to cover. By hugging the house he may hope to escape getting it in shower-bath form, but the overflow from the scuppers of his own deck is soon sure to encroach on the gangway. In time it will reach nearly up to the house. The irritated immigrant, if not too vexed for reason, may go clear forward to where the rise of the deck has helped to throw back all but the highest of the scupper-tides and there escape the worst of it. Still wet, even there,

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of course, will be the planking beneath him, but by vigorously and persistently tramping back and forth on the more secluded parts he may eventually succeed in drying out a path for himself, and by this active exercise also warm his blood, which otherwise might have felt the chilling influence of the raw blast that comes off the North Atlantic in the early morning hours.

Outside of the thoughtlessness, or lack of sympathy, on the part of the washing-down gang, the behavior of the ship's men in general does much to reduce the comfort that the immigrant might manage to obtain from this long gangway. Stewards, deck-hands, stokers, and all, seemed on this ship to have a habit of charging up and down this walk, using it as a regular highway after their fashion and making a mess of it. The stewards, rushing along with supplies from the kitchen, did not seem at all to mind bumping into a third-class man and bowling him out of the way if he seemed slow to move or to comprehend the inflections of the particular patois they spoke. As about nine-tenths of the immigrants were not of the same nation as the ship's people, a little hesitation in interpreting the speech of these hustling stewards is not surprising. The deck-hands may be carrying soup and other rations to hungry anticipating messes below, and a little grease dropped here and there along the way is really no great matter when one's messmates are impatiently waiting—no.

And then there were the stokers. Truly the stokers were the lads! Other memories fade away when the stoker heaves in sight. Every blessed one of them emerges from below with a coat of coal-dust over his chest, or on his undervest, if he happens to have one on at the time. This coal-dust he sheds at every pounding stride. He will stand up and scoop it off his bare chest or shake it free from the folds of collar and sleeves, as it may be. In that fashion he will dislodge it in sheaves, and rejoice like a strong man at play while he is doing it. Really, the stoker is a cheerful beast when an immigrant is standing by and the stoker does not like his looks, as it often happens he doesn't. The ship's people do not themselves mind the stoker's trail along the deck. They generally wear sabots—heavy shoes of thick soles and high leather freeboard—which make a shoe they extol to all—and within the shoes there are no socks to soil.

The immigrant patters in this slush until about eight o'clock, which means three or four hours of extreme discomfort. By that time a good part of the loose water has gurgled its way through the choked-up drains, the industrious walker has worn a dry path over the planks, there is a faint tinge of comfort ahead, and things in general begin to take on a cheerful hue, when along come some more bully boys—these with a hose. This crowd are cheerful idiots. As practical jokers are rated, they would rank one class above the stokers. It is a new watch, this, fresh from a good sleep, and they have just had an inspiring breakfast. They are boiling over with restrained energy, and immediately turn tons of water loose. This is one part of their work that deck-hands seem to enjoy, and their enjoyment is not lessened, one would say, when the worried immigrants show signs of taking to flight. It is fairly warm now, and the deck-hands, with feet and legs bare, and high-rolled trousers, make an aquatic carnival of it. They squirt playfully streams at the feet of some abstracted exile, a lonely Armenian or desolate Pole perhaps, one who may have been slow to move before the rush, or who has remained dull to the meaning of this idiomatic patois in a strange tongue.

The boys with the hose stick to their work until they have soaked that deck from stem to stern. Having thoroughly soaked it, they are disposed to slack up. No officer seems to concern himself in the matter of drying the deck, and the men gently pass a mop over their work as a finishing touch. If the sun is bright at this time, the immigrant may hope for a dry deck in two hours or so. If it is a chilly, foggy morning, it may take all day, or it may not get dry at all. While the deck is drying one may scramble for a seat on the benches of the gangway. If an immigrant wins a seat, he can avoid the dampness by holding his feet in the air—this, if he cares to sit while women stand. Should he not care for a seat under these conditions, he is privileged to take up his tramp until he has again worn a dry lane on the planks, or he may go below and try to stand it there until

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affairs have been bettered above. He has his free choice—wet feet and chilly blood above, or nausea below.

In the afternoon, when luck has been with the steerage—when the sun has been out and the deck has become well dried—the stewards like to take the long mats of the saloon passageways out on the long gangway of the steerage and scrub down. It is a wanton thing, looked at with a steerage eye, but that is the way of it.

Incidental to the steerage life on board this ship was the matter of drinking-water. One would say that in the experience of this company there was no record that an immigrant ever developed a thirst that a cup of coffee in the morning or a dipper of chemical wine at noon did not entirely quench, for the supply of water for the use of the steerage was miserably insufficient. On this trip the steerage had to depend largely on the good nature of the crew to appease its thirst. The only drinking-water set regularly before them was the single measure brought down to the mess-table of each compartment at night. This was about an eight-quart vessel, and one can imagine how far that went with a hundred and twenty-odd thirsty men. It lasted just about the length of time it took a rush of impatient men to turn it into tin dippers. After that was gone there was no more until the next night, and those who became thirsty in between times had to look elsewhere for drinking-water.

Now, there were no appointed drinking-places, no regularly set-up fountains to which they could go in confidence. There were faucets, to be sure, on each side of the house, midway of the long gangway on the big deck. But with these the immigrants, if one were to judge from the behavior of those concerned, had nothing to do. The valves were kept locked and were opened only by ship's men, who took the keys with them after they had drawn their own supply. The only recourse for the immigrants was to haunt the deck at these faucets, and, when a crew man came to draw water, to besiege him for permission to fill their little jars and bottles. If they were not too many, and therefore not likely to detain the wonderfully busy ship's man, they might be allowed to get some. Sometimes this permission was granted cheerfully; as frequently it was refused surlily.

When the immigrant was refused, he awaited the arrival of a less grudging servant of the company. Some immigrants, too timid to ask outright for this necessary thing after being refused once or twice, would hover in silence while a half-dozen or so of the crew came and went. By and by a ship's man, better natured than his mates, might take notice of the silent one and invite him to fill up, or the rejected one might get up his courage to ask again.

The poor little boys and girls who had to keep their elders supplied had a hard time of it. To keep a dozen or so going, they were compelled to come quite often to the faucets, and coming so often they put themselves in the way of frequent abuse. They dared not go back without the water, and so stayed there, for hours sometimes, if the impatient elders did not hunt them up in the meantime. Perhaps more galling to the onlooker even than the plight of the children was the experience of timid older men, who stood there patiently to have their jars or bottles filled. It might be a father—it usually was a father—with the children and the mother waiting somewhere below and really in need of a drink of water. When such a poor creature was refused water by a crew man, he did not seem to have the faintest notion that there could be any redress. He merely turned away and awaited another chance.

Now, it seems that petty tyranny and a large part of his discomforts might be eliminated from the immigrant's ocean life. Some will say that, after all, it is not so bad, and will refer to the days when several hundred people were compelled to come in the single crowded hold of a ridiculously small sailing vessel. The forefathers of most of us crossed in that way, they tell you—and so they did. But in these days there is hardly any need of that, and why further depress the spirits of those who are coming here to stay, and who are by and by to bring into the world so large a proportion of the men and women on whom the country will have to depend for its development? There is to-day crossing the ocean a line of ships whereon third-class passengers may sleep

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with no more than four or six or eight in a room, and may enjoy during waking hours the privileges of smoking and reading rooms and social halls. And this company charges no more for a passage than was paid by the writer and eight hundred fellow-creatures. Is it an impossible thing to bring all steamship lines to this more humane standard?

A steerage trip across the Atlantic westward will be found to be not quite the same thing as the trip back. Most of the third-class passengers who leave this country for the other side have been living here for some time—five, ten, twenty or more years—and when they go back it is to visit the land of their birth, to see the old home folk, to renew the memories of younger days. During their residence here they have advanced in knowledge and developed their talents, have made great strides socially, and, generally, have put some money by.

Possibly all have not done well, even as their own moderate standards have it; but nearly all are much better off in a worldly way than when they first came here. Some intend to stay in the old country—the rush of life here does not suit them, perhaps—but most of them are coming back to America again. These things they will tell you, if you but frame your questions attractively. As steerage traffic east is light compared with that coming west, these returning citizens of ours make but a small mass in the great tides that are ever flowing this way.

But on any transatlantic liner, particularly on a Continental liner—say, one out of Havre, from which port embark the really cosmopolitan cargoes—one soon learns to pick out these returning citizens, merged though they be in the multitudes. Even if they did not discover themselves by their speech, by an involuntary American idiom now and then, they are sure to exhibit a dozen characteristics by which you may know them.

You will notice them because they are more alert in manner and better dressed than their companions; and their intelligence is more active. They are all over those parts of the ship from which third-class is not barred. They will be prominent during the progress of any bit of excitement aboard ship, early taking position where they may best see what is doing, getting right into it when the action comes their way, and following close on behind if the course of activity goes by. They will be questioning everybody—deck-hands, stewards, and even the grimy, stolid men from below—questioning anybody at all likely to know anything, anybody who looks in the slightest degree intelligent, and many who do not. They will be forever poking in and about dark entryways, peering into mysterious passages, or hovering on the edges of forbidden, higher-class realms. They are striving to find out, after the fashion of their restless adopted countrymen, what manner of craft their ship may be, and what the prospects are for the voyage.

These have overcome the Old World inertia to which they were born. In the morning you will find them up betimes, walking the deck for exercise. Even then they will be taking note of things, marking the ways of passengers, particularly of the second class, towards whose standard they aspire. It is an indisputable proof of the American influence when they tip the steward for extras—for a little something extra in the eating line, for a little bit of supper before turning in, for a bottle of beer after hours. In the steerage it is surely only the American-born or naturalized who has attained to patronizing a steward in badge and livery.

These men are companionable and interesting. It is the first trip to the old home for most of them. It has been instructive and enjoyable, but they now like America all the better for it. They are glad they came. The restless longing for the old things has been quelled, and now they are convinced that in their new country they are much better off. But when they come again, if ever they do come, they tell you, they will come second class, for they see now that the steerage has its drawbacks. Steerage is more comfortable now than when they first came over, it is true; but seen in the light of better things it is not just the thing. They are sorry they did not pay the difference this time and come second class.

A little essay might be introduced here in eulogy of the capacity of the country that can bolt these huge masses at such frequent intervals and yet show no signs

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of constriction in the act; of the resources of the land that can take care of these multitudes of unskilled laborers, provide them with an abundance of employment and at such a rate of wage that in a short generation the majority of them will wear good clothes, will own property, and will have money in the bank or invested in some small business—these that started with nothing or less than nothing, and were in debt perhaps for their passage over. And those who have not attained to some standing in the community will at least have appreciably improved their condition, while the children of all, if but half-fairly dealt with, will have been put in the way of free schooling, sufficient to enable them to compete on something like equal terms with the highest-born for the world's prizes—if it is in them to compete. But to teach them this would be a sermon in social evolution.

The Social Price

By Ethelbert Stewart

IF the price paid by the individual consumer of a commodity was the full and only price attaching to it, society could strike a balance-sheet each night like a bank. Unfortunately, too much of our production and commerce adds to the output an intangible social expense not carried to the price-lists nor paid by the consumer. Years, and sometimes generations, may pass before this running account against the Social Whole is presented for payment in a tangible form. Even then it comes through a collection agency so remote from the source of the original expense that Society is likely to forget all about it, grudgingly pay the bill it does not believe it owes, and charge it up to incidentals.

Most of our taxes go to pay the social price of commodities individually consumed long since by those who may or may not now be taxpayers. This was palpable when, under the Poor Laws of England, the wages of laborers were deliberately reduced by manufacturers and farmers alike, so that general taxation might be compelled to pay in poor-rates a part of the cost of production of all commodities. Social price is very apparent when Congress pays the sugar-producers two cents a pound bounty out of the Federal treasury, leaving the individual consumer to pay a first installment and take the goods. It is just as real though not so apparent when child-labor and old-age limits to employment throw upon society droves of morally and physically mal-developed adults, and still greater droves of practically blacklisted persons charged with the new crime of having gray hairs.

"Squeeze the lemon and throw away the skin," was said to be the motto of the railroad wreckers of the Erie school. When the famous engine 999 of the Empire State Express was made a switch-engine after six years of record-breaking service, the general surprise called out an interview with an American railroad manager. He said that while English and German roads coddled and repaired their engines, keeping them in service sometimes for forty years, and as "switchers" for twenty more, the American plan is to "hammer the road life out of an engine in five or six years, use it as a switcher for five or ten more, and then scrap-iron the whole engine at once. We believe it pays better."

At a recent milk-dairymen's convention the policy of milking cows to death in the shortest possible time was discussed from a purely business point of view. It was claimed that by means of milk-producing foods the quantity could be trebled. To the objection that such milk-forcing shortened the life of the cow, it was replied: "It does not pay to look to long life for a milker. If the life energies of a cow represent one hundred units of milk, and these can be marketed in five years under high-pressure feeding, why should the cow be kept ten years? If the milking possibilities of a cow can be gotten out of her in three years, it does not pay to keep her five."

With lemon-peels and engines society need not concern itself, nor will we sentimentalize over the application of humane ideas to milch cows; but when the economic doctrine embodied in these three

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illustrations is applied to men, society has much to do with human engines sent to an early scrap-pile. The "age-limit to employment" is now practically universal, and ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five years. Most concerns prefer to employ youths of twenty years when taking on new help. "Old men cannot stand the pace," says the employer, but neglects to add that a pace in any industry which a man of forty is too old to stand is one that puts a large element of social price in the product. Where the "premium plan" of increasing the pace has been adopted, it too frequently, though happily not always, happens that workmen who do not earn premiums are discharged. In reducing the number of employees, those who do not earn premiums or bonuses are always the first to go. A convention of bankers, ministers, and university presidents is called for Chicago to discuss the opposition to piece-work in the Machinists' International Union. Piece-work is the lemon-squeezer of most approved pattern. It is believed to be the quickest way to "hammer the life out of" a human engine and scrap-pile it all at once. It is the foundation of sweat-shopism.

Taking the ages of gangs of men employed at street-cleaning and park labor in various cities recently, it was found that only three per cent. were young enough or physically strong enough to obtain employment in private establishments. Most of these men would have to be supported out of the public funds directly if they were not employed by the public on public work. If half their wages represents charity disguised, it is in reality the social price of commodities produced by them years ago "at a pace old men cannot stand." After all, is it charity to the old men that we are giving in our street departments and old people's homes, or is it subsidies to the "cheap commodities and high profits" mania with which we are fooling ourselves? The shoplifting which as "bargain-hunting" "lifts" only the social price, proudly paying the "marked down" one, is, unconsciously perhaps, second cousin to the shoplifting which takes all. Public or private contracts let to the "lowest bidder" merely postpone to a future day to be paid as social price the difference between the lowest and the fairest bidder. Especially is it disastrous when articles of export are endowed with a large element of social price.

The glass bottle manufacturers appeared before the Illinois Legislature in opposition to a child labor bill with the statement that "glass bottles cannot be manufactured and sold on the market without child labor." Possibly the social price of glass bottles exceeds the net price to consumers. Silk from silk-mills "utilizing the labor" of the children in the anthracite fields, and sold by child clerks in department stores where "cash-girls" run for change and bundles, may accumulate a social price on the way that might render boycotts moral. Reform schools, houses of rescue, penitentiaries, are some of the large ways in which we pay the social price; night schools, social settlements, fresh-air funds, indicate some of the smaller ways. As intimated above, the circumlocution of the collection agency frequently obscures the origin of the debt. Half of our drunkenness, most of our social vice, much of the insanity, and all the general letting down of social status in mining and manufacturing centers, will be charged to social price when the tangles in our bookkeeping are straightened out. The Federal pension-roll convinces even political economists that we are still paying for the war of a generation ago; but their blindness to pension-rolls, growing out of their pet economic fetich of competitive industry and commerce, is hopeless. If profit and price could be net and actual in each transaction, society could afford to wait until these Kilkenny cats were gone and the last echo of their expiring yells had died away. But what profit cannot unload upon price, or price snatch away from profit, is by both dumped upon society and forms the Social Price. Before the days of political economy the Hanseatic League was obliged to include the cost of its navy in the selling price of its goods.

Old-age workingmen's pensions, a plan to which every commercial country must come in some form, are, in any form, a subsidy to non-self-supporting industries and the commerce growing out of such. In countries where old-age pension laws have been boldly and openly passed as such, they serve to show in bold

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relief the element of social price attaching to our system. But we in America will probably keep on doing things by indirection, put our old men on street-cleaning gangs, and growl at the cost of public work. It serves to disguise the real cause of the trouble, and, as a Chinaman would say, it "saves our face."

THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter XI.—The Habitants

DURING my absence Dick had made many friends. Wherein lies his secret I do not know, but he has a peculiar power of ingratiation with people whose lives are quite outside his experience or sympathies. In the short space of four days he had earned joyous greetings from every one in town. The children grinned at him cheerfully; the old women cackled good-natured little teasing jests to him as he passed; the pretty, dusky half-breed girls dropped their eyelashes fascinatingly across their cheeks, tempering their coyness with a smile; the men painfully demanded information as to artistic achievement which was evidently as well meant as it was foreign to any real thirst for knowledge they might possess; even the lumberjacks addressed him as "bub." And withal Dick's methods of approach were radically wrong, for he blundered upon new acquaintances with a beaming smile, which is ordinarily a sure repellent to the cautious, taciturn men of the woods. Perhaps their keenness penetrated to the fact that he was absolutely without guile, and that his kindness was an essential part of himself. I should be curious to know whether Billy Knapp of the Black Hills would surrender his gun to Dick for inspection.

"I want you to go out this afternoon to see some friends of mine," said Dick. "They're on a farm about two miles back in the brush. They're ancestors."

"They're what?" I inquired.

"Ancestors. You can go down to Grosse Point near Detroit and find people living in beautiful country places next the water, and after dinner they'll show you an old silhouette or a daguerreotype or something like that, and will say to you proudly, 'This is old Jules, my ancestor, who was a pioneer in this country. The Place has been in the family ever since his time.'"

"Well?"

"Well, this is a French family, and it is pioneers, and it has a place that slopes down to the water through white birch-trees, and it is of the kind very tenacious of its own land. In two hundred years this will be a great resort; bound to be—beautiful, salubrious, good sport, fine scenery, accessible—"

"Railroad fifty miles away. Boat every once in a while," said I, sarcastically.

"Accessible in two hundred years, all right," insisted Dick, serenely. "Even Canada can build a quarter of a mile of railway a year. Accessible," he went on, "good shipping point for country now undeveloped."

"You ought to be a real estate agent," I advised.

"Lived two hundred years too soon," disclaimed Dick. "What more obvious? These are certainly ancestors."

"Family may die out," I suggested.

"It has a good start," said Dick, sweetly. "There are eighty-seven in it now."

"What!" I gasped.

"One great-grandfather, twelve grandparents, thirty-seven parents, and thirty-seven children," tabulated Dick."

"I should like to see the great-grandfather," said I; "he must be very old and feeble."

"He is eighty-five years old," said Dick, "and the last time I saw him he was engaged with an ax in clearing trees off his farm."

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All of these astonishing statements I found to be absolutely true.

We started out afoot soon after dinner, through a scattering growth of popples that alternately drew the veil of coyness over the blue hills and caught our breath with the delight of a momentary prospect. Deuce, remembering autumn days, concluded partridges, and scurried away on the expert diagonal, his hind legs tucked well under his flanks. The road itself was a mere cutting through the miniature woods, winding to right or left for the purpose of avoiding a log-end or a boulder, surmounting little knolls with an idle disregard for the straight line, knobby with big round stones, and interestingly diversified by circular mud-holes a foot or so in diameter. After a mile and a half we came to the corner of a snake fence. This, Dick informed me, marked the limits of the "farm."

We burst through the screen of popples definitely into the clear. A two-storied house of squared logs crested a knoll in the middle distance. Ten acres of grass marsh, perhaps twenty of plowed land, and then the ash-white-green of popples. We dodged the grass marsh and gained the house. Dick was at once among friends.

The mother had no English, so smiled expansively, her bony arms folded across her stomach. Her oldest daughter, a frail-looking girl in the twenties, but with a sad and spiritual beauty of the Madonna in her big eyes and straight black hair, gave us a shy good-day. Three boys, just alike in their slender, stolid, Indian good-looks, except that they differed in size, nodded with the awkwardness of the male. Two babies stared solemnly. A little girl with a beautiful oval face, large mischievous gray eyes behind long black lashes, a mischievously quirked mouth to match the eyes, and black hair banged straight both front and behind, in almost mediæval fashion, twirked a pair of brown bare legs all about us. Another light-haired, curly little girl, surmounted by an old yachting cap, spread apart sturdy shoes in an attitude at once critical and expectant.

Dick rose to the occasion by sorting out from some concealed recess of his garments a huge paper parcel of candy. With infinite tact, he presented this bag to Madame, rather than the children. Madame instituted judicious distribution and appropriate reservation for the future. We entered the cabin.

Never have I seen a place more exquisitely neat. The floor had not only been washed clean, it had been scrubbed white. The walls of logs were freshly whitewashed. The chairs were polished. The few ornaments were new and not at all dusty or dingy or tawdry. Several religious pictures, a portrait of royalty, a lithographed advertisement of some buggy, a photograph or so—and then just the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of scrubbed pine. Madame made us welcome with smiles—a faded, lean woman with a remnant of beauty peeping from her soft eyes, but worn down to the first principles of pioneer bone and gristle by toil, care, and the bearing of children. I spoke to her in French, complimenting her on the appearance of the place. She was genuinely pleased, saying in reply that one did one's possible, but that children!—with an expressive pause.

Next we called for volunteers to show us to the great-grandfather. Our elfish little girls at once offered, and went dancing off down the trail like autumn leaves in a wind. Whether it was the Indian in them, or the effects of environment, or merely our own imaginations, we both had the same thought—that in these strange, taciturn, friendly, smiling, pirouetting little creatures was some eerie wild strain akin to the woods and birds and animals. As they danced on ahead of us, turning to throw us a delicious smile or a half-veiled roguish glance of nascent coquetry, we seemed to swing into an orbit of experience foreign to our own. These bright-eyed woods people were in the last analysis as inscrutable to us as the squirrels.

We followed our swirling, airy guides down through a trail to another clearing planted with potatoes. On the further side of this they stopped, hand in hand, at the woods' fringe, and awaited us in a startlingly sudden repose.

"V'lá le gran'père," said they in unison.

At the words a huge, gaunt man clad in shirt and jeans arose and confronted us. Our first impression was of a vast framework stiffened and shrunken into the peculiar petrifaction of age; our second was of a Jove-like wealth of iron-gray

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beard and hair; our third of eyes, wide, clear, and tired with looking out on a century of the world's time. His movements, as he laid one side his ax and passed a great gnarled hand across his forehead, were angular and slow. We knew instinctively the quality of his work—a deliberate pause, a mighty blow, another pause, a painful recovery—labor compounded of infinite slow patience, but wonderfully effective in the week's result. It would go on without haste, without pause, inevitable as the years slowly closing about the toiler. His mental processes would be of the same fiber. The apparent hesitation might seem to waste the precious hours remaining, but in the end, when the engine started, it would move surely and unswervingly along the appointed grooves. In his wealth of hair; in his wide eyes, like the mysterious blanks of a marble statue; in his huge frame, gnarled and wasted to the strange, impressive, powerful age-quality of Phidias's old men, he seemed to us to deserve a wreath and a marble seat with strange inscriptions and the graceful half-draperies of another time and a group of old Greeks like himself with whom to exchange slow sentences on the body politic. Indeed, the fact that his seat was of fallen pine, and his draperies of butternut brown, and his audience two half-breed children, an artist, and a writer, and his body politic two hundred acres in the wilderness, did not filch from him the impressiveness of his estate. He was a Patriarch. It did not need the park of birch-trees, the grass beneath them sloping down to the water, the wooded knoll fairly insisting on a spacious mansion, to substantiate Dick's fancy that he had discovered an ancestor.

Neat piles of brush, equally neat piles of cord-wood, knee-high stumps as cleanly cut as by a saw, attested the old man's efficiency. We conversed.

Yes, said he, the soil was good. It is laborious to clear away the forest. Still, one arrives. M'sieu has but to look. In the memory of his oldest grandson, even, all this was a forest. Le bon Dieu had blessed him. His family was large. Yes, it was as M'sieu said, eighty-seven—that is, counting himself. The soil was not wonderful. It is indeed a large family, and much labor, but somehow there was always food for all. For his part he had a great pity for those whom God had not blessed. It must be very lonesome without children.

We spared a private thought that this old man was certainly in no danger of loneliness.

Yes, he went on, he was old—eighty-five. He was not as quick as he used to be; he left that for the young ones. Still, he could do a day's work. He was most proud to have made these gentlemen's acquaintance. He wished us good-day.

We left him seated on the pine log, his ax between his knees, his great gnarled brown hands hanging idly. After a time we heard the *whack* of his implement; then after another long time we heard it *whack* again. We knew that those two blows had gone straight and true and forceful to the mark. So old a man had no energy to expend in the indirections of haste.

Our elfish guides led us back along the trail to the farm-house. A girl of thirteen had just arrived from school. In the summer the little ones divided the educational advantages, turn and turn about.

The newcomer had been out into the world and was dressed accordingly. A neat dark-blue cloth dress, plainly made, a dull red and blue checked apron; a broad round hat, shoes and stockings, all in the best and quietest taste—marked contrast to the usual garish Sunday-best of the Anglo-Saxon. She herself exemplified the most striking type of beauty to be found in the mixed bloods. Her hair was thick and glossy and black in the mode that throws deep purple shadows under the rolls and coils. Her face was a regular oval, like the opening in a wish-bone. Her skin was dark, but rich and dusky with life and red blood that ebbed and flowed with her shyness. Her lips were full, and of a dark cherry red. Her eyes were deep, rather musing, and furnished with the most gloriously tangling of eyelashes. Dick went into ecstasies, took several photographs which did not turn out well, and made one sketch which did. Perpetually did he bewail the absence of oils. The type is not uncommon, but its beauty rarely remains perfect after the fifteenth year.

We made our ceremonious adieux to the Madame, and started back to town

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under the guidance of one of the boys, who promised us a short-cut.

This youth proved to be filled with the old wandering spirit that lures so many of his race into the wilderness life. He confided to us as we walked that he liked to tramp extended distances, and that the days were really not made long enough for those who had to return home at night.

"I is been top of dose hills," he said. "Bime by I mak' heem go to dose lak' beyon'."

He told us that some day he hoped to go out with the fur-traders. In his vocabulary "I wish" occurred with such wistful frequency that finally I inquired curiously what use he would make of the Fairy Gift.

"If you could have just one wish come true, Pierre," I asked, "what would you desire?"

His answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"I is lak' be one giant," said he.

"Why?" I demanded.

"So I can mak' heem de walk far," he replied, simply.

I was tempted to point out to him the fact that big men do not outlast the little men, and that vast strength rarely endures, but then a better feeling persuaded me to leave him his illusions. The power, even in fancy, of striding on seven-league boots across the fascinations spread out below his kindling vision from "dose hills" was too precious a possession lightly to be taken away.

Strangely enough, though his woodcraft naturally was not inconsiderable, it did not hold his paramount interest. He knew something about animals and their ways and their methods of capture, but the chase did not appeal strongly to him, nor apparently did he possess much skill along that line. He liked that actual physical labor, the walking, the paddling, the tump-line, the camp-making, the new country, the companionship of the wild life, the wilderness as a whole rather than in any one of its single aspects as Fish Pond, Game Preserve, Picture Gallery. In this he showed the true spirit of the *voyageur*. I should confidently look to meet him in another ten years—if threats of railroads spare the Far North so long—girdled with the red sash, shod in silent moccasins, bending beneath the portage load, trolling *Isabeau* to the silent land somewhere under the Arctic Circle. The French of the North have never been great fighters nor great hunters, in the terms of Anglo-Saxon frontiersmen, but they have laughed in farther places.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Germany as It Is[1]

MR. von Schierbrand knows his subject, Germany, like a German, and he knows his American audience like an American. In addition to these qualifications for making us understand Germany, he is a critic of real acumen, whose sympathies are broad enough to enable him to understand movements with which he is not identified. When he states in his preface that his book is free from bias, the reader is inclined to expect a bias so deep that the author is unconscious of it; but after reading the book and following the author's observations upon movements on which his views differ from our own, we are ready to accord him the praise of having given us an unbiased description of Germany as it is.

After an introductory chapter upon Germany as a world power, which is about the least interesting in the volume, he contributes three chapters upon the personality and influence of the Kaiser. Though in sympathy with the Kaiser's world politics, he recognizes the reactionary character of most of the Emperor's views, and also recognizes the extent to which the Kaiser's self-confidence has proven unwarranted. Not only, he points out, has the Kaiser failed to win over the Socialists, as he told Bismarck he could do in a single year, but also he has failed to keep out the "undesirable" middle class from the ranks of officers in the army. He has, however, succeeded in a degree almost incredible in destroying the freedom of the press, in making the courts mere registers of his personal wishes in every matter before them, and in taking

[1] *The Welding of a World Power*. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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Germany back from the ranks of a limited monarchy to that of an autocracy. The sources of the Kaiser's personal influence cannot be summarized in a sentence. It is due in great part to traditions of which we in America can with difficulty appreciate the strength. It is also due, Mr. von Schierbrand indicates, to the wholesomeness of the Emperor's family life and to the frankness, whole-heartedness, and passionate vigor with which he throws himself into the struggle to make his power absolute in Germany and feared throughout the world.

The chapter which follows gives a rapid survey of the present political life of Germany, bringing out with great clearness the growing power of the Upper House of Parliament appointed by the courts, the lessening power of the Reichstag, elected by universal suffrage, the extraordinary power of the clericals (a power largely given them by Bismarck's conflict against them), the divisions between Liberals and Radicals and Socialists, and the noteworthy ability of the radical parties to produce orators as contrasted with the inability of the conservative parties to produce them.

Having thus put the general situation in a nutshell, the author next turns to a critical examination of the parties which are bent upon a revolution, industrial or political, and presents two brilliant chapters upon the Socialist movement and the Polish problem. Though by no means a Socialist himself, he states forcibly the reasons why the Socialist party has come to command the suffrage of nearly one-third of the voters of the Empire, despite the efforts of the monarchy to repress their movement by prosecutions on the one hand, and by conciliating its supporters through compulsory insurance, old-age pensions, and the like, on the other. The criticism given of the insurance and pension bureaus is a remarkably clarifying one. The reader is not cumbered with a mass of details, and is permitted to see that the elaborateness of the machinery by which the insurance funds are collected and distributed has necessitated the employment of a force of officials whose expenses consume one-third of all that is paid in for the insurance. The great government building in which the administration of this bureau centers is known among the Socialists as the "Pasting Palace."

The Socialist movement, according to Mr. von Schierbrand—and he is doubtless right upon this point—is no longer a revolutionary movement in the sense that it was twenty years or even ten years ago. The strength of the party now is based upon its democracy, and the industrial demands which it is pressing forward could all of them be secured without overthrowing the general framework upon which industry now rests. Monopolies, indeed, would be managed by the Government, but there would be a large field of industry remaining under individual control, and workers in every field would still be paid in proportion to the supposed value of their work. Socialism, Mr. von Schierbrand writes, has exercised a vast educational influence. "It has quickened," he says, warmly, "the intellect of the worker, and has first enabled him to think, however faultily, on political and economic topics. It has, by organizing thousands of social clubs, given these whilom dull and torpid masses a genuine taste for and appreciation of purely æsthetic pleasures, such as music, singing, theatrical performances, concerts, and, above all, books. The Socialists in Germany have done what the Government had left undone, viz., founded thousands of workingmen's libraries. The Socialist press has in this respect done wonders."

But this chapter upon Socialism is perhaps less interesting than that upon "The Polish Problem." Prussian Poland, it is pointed out, has prospered not only out of all proportion to Austrian Poland and Russian Poland, but relatively more than the western portions of Germany. But, in spite of these advances, or rather perhaps because of them, the Polish national spirit has developed an intensity in Prussian Poland unknown in the more oppressed provinces in other lands and unknown in Prussian Poland itself a generation ago. "Up to about twenty-five years ago, the small middle class to be met with in Polish towns and cities was composed almost wholly of Germans and Jews. To-day the young and well-educated generation of Poles have largely replaced them. Polish merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, mechanics, artisans, physicians, lawyers, and engineers are

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now in the majority." Only three per cent. of the Poles are now illiterate, and at the German universities the percentage of Polish students has increased tenfold within the last twenty years; but along with these advances the whole people have become fanatically attached to the vision of a restored Polish nation.

In this movement the Polish priesthood has borne a conspicuous part. The fact that the Poles are Catholics, while Germany is a Protestant power, has made sectarian passions mingle with national passions to produce an almost rancorous intensity of anti-German feeling. It is, says Mr. von Schierbrand, due almost wholly to the Polish clergy that the knowledge and use of the German language are not general in the Polish districts. The Polish clergy correctly argue that with the adoption of German as the language of home and of the pulpit the battle would be practically won for the friends of Germanization. Hence their strenuous and consistent efforts have been directed against the use of German wherever they have had the power to prevent it. "And they have succeeded remarkably well, especially when it is considered that the Poles, as a class, had to forego all those material advantages which naturally would accrue to Poles able and willing to speak and write both languages. To carry out their programme logically, the Polish clergy have succeeded in persuading their countrymen that to abandon the constant use of Polish means to become a renegade, an enemy to the race, and a 'hireling to the foreigner,' as the Polish press puts it. The Poles, in the service of this idea, have voluntarily shut themselves out of every career and calling which would force them to make habitual use of German as their vernacular. This includes, of course, every kind of government service."

Along with this intensified Polish spirit among the Poles has come a still more remarkable "process of Polonization to which the German element resident in the Polish districts is being subjected." Intermarriage between Poles and Germans nearly always means the loss of nationality for the German part. German colonies in the Polish districts have been attempted on a great scale to counteract these influences, but these colonies all have languished, or where they have been securely established they have met in Poland the fate of the English colonies in the greater part of Ireland. The colonists who have taken part in the ordinary life of the people have come to sympathize with their neighbors and to feel as they do on the question of home rule.

These chapters are indicative of the manner in which Mr. von Schierbrand deals with vital things in his description of the German Empire. Few books on political science give a clearer ideal of the political fabric of the country, and no recent book of travels has given anything like so clear an account of the feelings and aspirations of the people.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Standard Bookkeeping (The). High School Edition. By C. C. Curtiss, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 192 pages.

American Advance (The): A Study in Territorial Expansion. By Edmund J. Carpenter. With Map. John Lane, New York. 5½×9 in. 331 pages. $2.50, net.

A clear, circumstantial account of the various annexations by which the original territory of the United States has received nearly a fourfold expansion. The author apparently believes in the wisdom of all of the successive annexations, but in dealing with the Mexican cession he brings out sharply the pro-slavery spirit animating the Polk administration. "When," he writes, "during the progress of the peace negotiations, the Mexican commissioners moved for the insertion of an article which should provide that the territory to be ceded should remain forever free, Commissioner Trist steadily refused to entertain such a proposition. 'If the territory should be increased tenfold in value,' wrote Trist to James Buchanan, 'and, besides, covered all over a foot thick with pure gold, on the single condition that slavery should be excluded therefrom, the proposition would not be entertained, nor would I think for a moment of communicating it to the President.'" The

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conservative position, however, which President Polk took when the extreme expansionists demanded the annexation of the whole of Mexico is not referred to. In his account of Oregon the author accepts in its entirety Nixon's story of "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon." In his account of the annexation of the Spanish East and West Indies the author does not enter at all into the debated questions thereby presented. This volume is a narrative of events, not a discussion of principles.

Angelo, the Musician. By Harriet Bartnett. Godfrey A. S. Wieners, New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages.

Athletics and Out-Door Sports for Women: Each Subject Being Separately Treated by a Special Writer. With an Introduction by Lucille Eaton Hill. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 339 pages. $1.50, net.

Physical training at home, gymnasium work, dancing, cross-country walking, swimming, skating, rowing, golf, running, lawn-tennis, field-hockey, basket-ball, equestrianism, fencing, bowling, track athletics, are divisions under which the general subject is treated, the chapter devoted to each being prepared by a specialist in the given line discussed. Full directions and illustrations are supplied. Not the least important paper in the book is the introduction by the editor, who insists upon physical training as a vital part of the scheme of education. Upon business and professional women and upon all women with overstrained nerves and overtaxed brains she urges physical training for its recreative effects and as the best aid to intellectual activity, the term not to be limited to gymnasium work or other set exercises. No woman, she says, can beg off from a splendid daily walk. While advocating athletics with due enthusiasm, she advises moderation and deprecates extremes that work physical injury or that bring athletics into disrepute by giving excuse for the application of such descriptive terms as "fad" and "sporting."

At the Time Appointed. By A. Maynard Barbour. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 371 pages. $1.50.

A sudden loss of memory and with it identity forms the basis of this novel. Another rather unusual situation is employed. A father—an American—forces his daughter's consent to a marriage repulsive to her. In consenting, the girl forfeits the reader's respect. Regard for the author's discretion is sorely taxed, too; the girl's course in this one particular being entirely out of keeping with her character. Her lover's acquiescence in her "sacrifice" and her own pose as a martyr in the matter have a strong touch of pathos. The tale is too long drawn out; there are climaxes and anti-climaxes to spare.

Belgium and the Belgians. By Cyril Scudmore. Illustrated. E P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 362 pages. $2, net.

This is a work of information rather than of entertainment. Yet some chapters, that on "The Holiday Ground of Belgium," for instance, bring charming pictures of vacation possibilities before one. The pen-and-ink sketches are pleasing, too; and it may be noted that the general typographical dress has distinction. In the main, the author tells plainly and clearly everything about Belgium not given in guide-books—matters of government, trade, finance, education, management of charities, agriculture, with some attention to modern art.

Blind Children. By Israel Zangwill. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 136 pages. $1.20, net.

Body Beautiful (The): Common-Sense Ideas on Health and Beauty Without Medicine. By Nannette Magruder Pratt. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 208 pages. $1.25, net.

An illustrated volume well described by its sub-title, "Common-sense ideas on health and beauty without medicine," which discusses the proper kinds of food, various physical ailments, sleeping, bathing, out-of-door exercises, and other practical matters relating to health and therefore to beauty.

Boys' Self-Governing Clubs. By Winifred Buck. The Macmillan Company, New York. 4½×7 in. 218 pages. $1, net.

Miss Buck's little volume is the outcome of twelve years' experience with the kind of clubs she describes—a kind that has shown singular powers of taking root and growing on the East Side of New York. After stating her philosophy of education, the author describes compactly and suggestively the methods of starting boys' clubs, and the lessons to be learned from their many-sided activities.

Brewster's Millions. By Richard Greaves. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 325 pages.

In order to secure seven millions left him on such conditions, Montgomery Brewster, a young New Yorker of good family and principles, must spend legitimately one million in a year; he must not gamble it away or give inordinately to charity; he must apply it to living expenses; by the end of the year he must be penniless. His "mad race after poverty" is exciting; he is called a fool by the world, moaned over by his friends, and rejected by the woman he loves. But he manages to spend the million and more. Tables are given showing receipts and disbursements. The executor, handing over the seven millions, says: "As for your ability as a business man I have this to say: any man who can spend a million a year and have nothing to show for it don't need a recommendation from anybody."

Brief Greek Syntax. By Louis Bevier, Jr., Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 108 pages.

Child Literature: For First and Second Grades. By Mae Henion Simms. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 144 pages.

Common Sense on the Labor Question. By Herbert N. Casson. Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St., New York. 4½×7½ in. 61 pages.

A clever sixty-page tract pleading for trade-unionism, and for the united action of trades-unionists to advance direct legislation, the public ownership of monopolies, and a few other kindred measures which trades-unions are able to support without disrupting themselves upon the rock of party politics. It is worthy of remark that an edition of one hun-

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dred thousand copies of this tract has been printed for free distribution. It is evident that the cause of trade-unionism is in an unprecedented degree appealing to the pockets of well-to-do philanthropists.

Concerning the Forefathers: Being a Memoir, with Personal Narrative and Letters, of Two Pioneers, Colonel Robert Patterson and Colonel John Johnston. By Charlotte Reeve Conover. Illustrated. The Winthrop Press, New York. 7½×11 in. 452 pages.

Daughter of Thespis (A). By John D. Barry. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. $1.50.

Life as it is lived by people of the stage is presented by one familiar with his theme. The story, as a story, does not amount to much; the heroine, as most readers will decide, marries the wrong man; and it will be suspected that the author makes her do this for the sake of a surprising dénouement—which is no good cause for matrimony. But the book has a distinct value, inasmuch as it shows what manner of folk they really are whom we see across the footlights; their toils, trials, diversions, virtues and vices (the last in not so dark colors as often painted), are so set forth as to contribute to a better understanding between the public and those who from the stage amuse or instruct them.

Echoes from Erin. By William W. Fink. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 188 pages. $1.25, net.

Florida Fancies. By F. R. Swift. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 120 pages. $1.25.

Grey Cloak (The). By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 463 pages.

A tale of France under Mazarin and of Canada, or New France, under De Lauson. It might perhaps be called a historical romance, but it has much more of the romance than the history. It is of course a tale of the "sword and cloak" order, with plenty of courtly love-making and an equal amount of villainous plotting. Mr. MacGrath's previous stories, and especially "The Puppet Crown," have pleased the popular taste exceedingly well, and it is safe to predict that very few books of the spring will have a wider reading than "The Grey Cloak." It has life and action and movement, and is not without some pretensions as a study of character. The tendency of the characters to declaim in season and out of season is the worst fault.

Grimm's Best Stories. (Standard Literature Series.) Edited and Adapted for Pupils of the Third Reader Grade. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 128 pages. 12½c.

History of Marietta. By Thomas J. Summers, B.A. The Leader Publishing Co., Marietta, Ohio. 6×9 in. 328 pages.

Home Science Cook Book (The). By Mary J. Lincoln and Anna Barrows. The Home Science Publishing Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 281 pages.

This book, says the preface, presents much in little space, and suggests many short cuts for those who believe in simplifying life and for the busy people who have not time for elaborate processes. It will be helpful to folks who are willing to use both hands and brains when cooking. A point to be recommended is the elasticity of recipes; proportions instead of definite quantities are given, and thus soups, pies, puddings, etc., may be adapted to the size of the family. "Menus for Every-Day Life" is the subject of one chapter, and "How a Course Dinner may be Served Without a Maid" the text of another.

Indian Summer and Other Poems. By James Courtney Challis. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×8 in. 95 pages. $1.50.

Is It Shakespeare? The Great Question of Elizabethan Literature. Answered in the Light of New Revelations and Important Contemporary Evidence Hitherto Unnoticed. By a Cambridge Graduate. With Facsimiles. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 387 pages. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

King of the Golden River (The). By John Ruskin. Illustrated. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 80 pages.

Law of Likeness (The). By David Bates. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 340 pages. $3.50.

The formative thought of this work is not discoverable in the title, and does not disclose itself until curious pursuit has run through the larger part. It is this: the fact of human sonship and likeness of spirit to God lays down the law for the conduct of life. "What pride of race, or family, or caste—what tradition of honor inherited from a long line of distinguished ancestors—can compare, in urgency of appeal to men for righteousness, with the gracious appeal of an assured faith in our inheritance of a spirit in the likeness of God?" But, says the author, "men have gone to the dogs" because the Church has told them, and they have accepted it, that "they are base-born, degraded beings, inheriting evil dispositions, incapable of doing well." Mr. Bates was reared in stiff Calvinism, and revolted from it; instead of becoming a missionary, as intended, he went to Africa as a trader. His book opens with picturesque descriptions of life in West Africa, and of missionary work there. His great mistake is in his conception of Christianity as synonymous with Calvinism, and in his failing to see that anything else can be read out of the Apostolic writings, especially Paul's, than what Calvinistic interpreters have read into them. His conviction of the "natural piety of man," "the innate good will of man to God," sharply conflicts with Paul's saying, "The carnal heart is enmity to God;" yet Paul himself regards the enmity as rooted in ignorance. As Socrates held that knowledge is the foundation of virtue, so the Scripture holds that, if men knew God's disposition to them, they would reciprocate it. The half-truth of Calvinism, that it is natural to do wrong, needs supplementing by the other half, that it is also natural to do right: it certainly is not unnatural. Mr. Bates is proficient in science and philosophy, but has suffered from a theological diet both monotonous and meager. He has had no friend to put him into the pool of theological thought since its stirring by the angel of reconstruction. There is something tragic in the noble misapprehensions of such a mind. The Church owes a debt to tens of thousands of

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such, which it is very slow to recognize and discharge.

Lettres à Françoise. By Marcel Prévost. Félix Juven, Paris, France. 4½×7¼ in. 347 pages. 75c.

This volume may do something towards effacing the memory of the author's unfortunate novel, "Les Demi-Vierges;" at all events, it well supplements his "Frédérique" and "Léa." It does not, like those latter notable novels, portray present-day opportunities for good and for ill which lie in the path of the French girl who has to earn her own living, but it does portray what is perhaps equally interesting to most men and women in France—the new opportunities which lie in the path of the ordinary French school-girl who will not later be compelled to work for her daily bread. Françoise is such a girl; she is about eighteen years old; she is in her last school year. The "Lettres" are sent to her once a fortnight by a fond but worldly-wise and wide-awake uncle, who discourses vivaciously, affectionately, and helpfully on any subject that happens to come to hand—the Exposition of 1900, All Souls' Day, Fénelon, feminine coquetry, the toilet, Queen Wilhelmina, Christmas, girls' boarding-schools, athletics, feminine culture, the college ideal, Madame Récamier, cooking, proper courses of reading for girls, love and marriage, long betrothals, and many other topics jumbled together into an attractive mixture. On every page, however, one realizes that this book is a protest against the kind of young girl found in the pages of Augier and Feuillet. More liberty is needed by the French girl of to-day, M. Prévost asserts, and his Françoise enjoys it. She is the type of the transitional girl. She has submitted to certain traditions, but she has emancipated her spirit; she has been trained in an ancient and conservative school on conventual and conventional lines, but she has lost no opportunity of instructing herself in every proper way from outside; above all, destined by her mother to a marriage of convenience, she chooses the man she loves, who is hardly older than herself and without fortune. Nor in marriage does she seek money, position, or even liberty; she seeks only to be a wife and mother. After reading these cleverly written pages and comparing them with the works of other writers on the same subject—the books of Madame Blanc, for instance—we must believe that a new type of French girl is being developed; it is time it were so; too long has there been disaccord between a French girl's education and her functions in later life.

Life Lessons. By J. F. Thompson. Eugene F. Endicott, Boston. 5× 7 in. 126 pages.

Mr. Claghorn's Daughter. By Hilary Trent. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 277 pages. $1.

The principal character in this novel is a free-thinker, who marries a theologian, blindly accepting his form of belief. A book that falls into her hands shows infant damnation as one of its tenets. She asks her husband for a plain statement of his belief. He refers her to a pamphlet he has written, proclaiming himself entirely "orthodox" upon the question. "How," she then asks, "could the same man write that book and be a fatner?" She resolves that she will not again be a mother. The author lacks restraint. Passages of the book are coarse. An unpleasant taste is left in the mouth. The book is supposed to be an attack on the Westminster Confession of Faith, which in point of fact does not in any reasonable construction hold to "infant damnation."

More Baskets and How to Make Them. By Mary White. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 157 pages. $1, net.

Since basketry has become a popular art in schools and among people who have outgrown schools, this little manual will be welcome. The success of the author's preceding work on the same subject created a demand for this. Instructions are given for weaving rattan, raffia, palm-leaf strips, rushes, and other materials into baskets, seats for chairs, letter-trays, fern-dishes, and various useful and ornamental odds and ends.

Mystery of Murray Davenport (The). By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

This is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde story, inasmuch as it presents a startling transformation of character and personal appearance. Davenport, the Hyde, is not very bad—only melancholy and "down on his luck." By deliberately planning and thinking to this purpose he becomes suddenly an entirely different man as to looks and to luck; his nearest friends and his sweetheart fail to recognize him. The vital question to him then is, Will he lose her by the change? There is something repulsive about his destruction of Murray Davenport; it suggests to the reader (though Mr. Stephens may not have so intended) the idea that a violent transformation of character might in a sense be suicide, even though the new self is an improvement on the old.

Of Religion (The Arts of Life). By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 73 pages. 50c.

Roman Road (The). By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 235 pages. $1.50.

Three stories, of which the first, giving title to the book, is the least deserving of praise. "The Roman Road" is a study of upper-class English life, after the manner of Henry James—and (in our opinion) a long way after. The personages of the story, at one breath dull and inconsequential, at the next amazingly clever and profound, seem to us unconvincing and altogether too subtle for the comprehension of the average student of human nature. But "Thoughty," the last of the three stories, is a deliciously humorous recital of childish adventure; and the middle tale, "The Balance," if it may be characterized as somewhat fantastical and overdrawn, is certainly original.

Sacrilege Farm. By Mabel Hart. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 333 pages. $1.

This is the kind of story that puts the reader utterly out of patience with the hero and heroine. The mistake which keeps them apart and works tragic consequences is unreasonable, almost absurd. But if it were not

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for lovers' foolish blunders there would be few love stories; without them Shakespeare himself could not have written some plays that please us mightily. Margaret, the old nurse, is good and wholesome, and really worth knowing; if it were not for her the book "Sacrilege Farm" would be as gloomy as its name.

Shakespeare and the Rival Poet. By Arthur Acheson. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 360 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life. By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 232 pages. $1.25, net.

Agreed as the reading world is that the study of descriptive ethics, as presented in Shakespeare's characters, is morally profitable, it cannot fail to welcome such an aid to that study as Professor Sharp's book supplies. With such a manual in hand the ordinary reader of the great character-painter has an advantage like his who has an artist for companion as he walks through a gallery of noble pictures. Professor Sharp has skillfully distributed the immense material before him into chapters on the main problems of the moral life, and exhibits the treatment of these by Shakespeare's men and women. He takes occasion to correct some popular misconceptions of typical characters, and to criticise misinterpretations by psychologists, philosophers, and moralists. A good index makes it serviceable for reference. Those who are teaching or studying ethics, as well as the general reader, will find it a valuable book.

Soil (The): An Introduction to the Scientific Study of the Growth of Crops. By A. D. Hall, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 286 pages.

Temples of the Orient and Their Message (The). By the Author of "Clear Round," etc. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5½×8¾ in. 442 pages. $4, net.

Students of comparative religion have become familiar with the fact that religious ideas whose first appearance was on the banks of the Euphrates or the Nile have passed on into the cathedrals of to-day, albeit variously transformed. This fact the work now before us illustrates very copiously from the religious literature of primitive peoples, especially those of the Far East. The author has had specially in mind the need and duty of the Christian missionary to appreciate the religious ideas of non-Christian peoples, that he may not offend by disparaging what stands in some affinity to his own, though cruder. The work may be criticised here and there for finding analogies, where there are none, by the process whose application to the Bible results in mere text-matching. But, on the whole, it is a cumulative and impressive presentation of the radical unity of religious ideas. One can hardly assent to the theory of a "primal revelation" in the sense here apparently intended, as if an original perfection, subsequently corrupted, lay in the past. If, as recent investigators are disposed to believe, the subconscious part of our nature is the part where the divine thought makes contact with the human, that contact cannot be dated too early in human history. On the other hand, the interpretation, the rationalizing in clear intelligence of those "shy yearnings of the savage," so that the divine thought, with all that it involves, comes to clear recognition in consciousness as a revelation, is the work of ages, and even now incomplete.

That Printer of Udell's. By Harold Bell Wright. Illustrated. The Book Supply Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 468 pages.

The writer undertakes in this novel to arraign the Church for not doing its duty by the struggling poor and by the tramps. While doubtless there is much truth in his showing, his representation of the religious world's indifference to friendless men out of employment is exaggerated and passes all bounds of justice. The plans of relief, salvation, and reform which he outlines are not novel; they have been and are being tried.

Tommy Wideawake. By H. H. Bashford. John Lane, New York. 5½×7 in. 188 pages.

A pleasing sketch of a typical English boy whose father, going to the wars and to death, leaves him in the care of his old friends the doctor, the philosopher, the parson, and the poet. Tommy leads his reluctant guardians into mischief and wakes them up to a knowledge of life, and in the case of the poet to a knowledge of love. He is a natural, manly, wholesome English lad. The whole thing is slight but prettily written.

True Bird Stories from My Note-Books. By Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 156 pages. $1, net.

The little "feathered folk" in this book are delightful, and the pictures of them are "dear," as the school-girls say. The stories are all strictly true, the author tells us; part of them being studies of captives in her own bird room, and the rest of birds in the field. Some have been related before in her "grown-up books" and in various publications, but most appear here for the first time. The author has something to say about caged birds that will be particularly interesting to people who want to make their little prisoners happier behind the bars.

Trust Finance: A Study of the Genesis, Organization, and Management of Industrial Combinations. By Elwood Sherwood Meade, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 387 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

A masterly study of trusts from the investor's standpoint. Two of the chapters of this volume which appeared in a slightly different form in the "Quarterly Journal of Economics" we have already made the subject of an extended editorial upon the United States Steel Corporation, and we shall doubtless have further occasion to discuss editorially Professor Meade's generalizations upon other topics. Though his attitude toward trusts is sympathetic rather than critical, his judgments are discriminating, and he points out very sharply the injuries done to investors by the extravagant predictions of trust promoters. In a chapter on "The Decline in Industrial Shares" he shows that of twenty-one representative trusts only seven stood as well in the market last December as when they were organized. "On the face of the returns," he writes, "whatever service the trust movement may have

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rendered in preventing competition and thus making profits more stable, so far as the twenty-one companies the prices of whose shares have been examined are concerned, it has inflicted upon the community a loss which may be estimated at either $395,000,000 or $641,000,000 according as present prices are compared with prices the first month of testing, or with the highest prices subsequently attained." The anticipated economies arising from the consolidation of scattered plants have proven especially illusive. The International Paper Company, for example, gave the public to understand that the net earnings of its constituent concerns were sufficient to pay interest on bonds, dividends, or preferred stock, and ten per cent. on common stock. Even larger earnings were anticipated under the combination, but have not materialized. The common stock of the company, first listed at 57, is now selling at 9. Professor Meade's final suggestion, that the hazardous element in trust investments could be largely eliminated by requiring the trusts to accumulate a large reserve before paying dividends, does not seem as weighty as most of his observations. So long as the men inside the management know so much more about the real earnings of the corporations than those outside, and so long as those earnings fluctuate violently between periods of practical monopoly and cut-throat competition to re-establish monopoly, the extra-hazardous character of trust investments seems likely to remain.

Washington, Its Sights and Insights. By Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 183 pages. $1, net.

This is an entertaining and instructive little handbook about our National Capital. Besides descriptions of monuments and institutions, a brief account of the work done in the different Departments of Government is given. Anecdotes of prominent people are given in a way to make the story a lively and interesting one rather than a dry record of facts.

What Shall I Do to be Saved: Words of Advice, Warning, and Encouragement to the Unsaved. By E. E. Bynum. Illustrated. The Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company, Moundsville, W. Va. 5×7¼ in. 200 pages.

Why the Mind Has a Body. By C. A. Strong. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 355 pages. $2.50.

By its title this acutely reasoned work evidently stands for the idealist conception of ultimate reality. It is a fresh and vigorous protest against the Kantian doctrine that both external facts and mental states are mere phenomena, behind which are the real things-in-themselves that are beyond the grasp of knowledge. On the contrary, says Professor Strong, our consciousness is an actual fragment and specimen of the reality of things. Our minds have been evolved from things-in-themselves; therefore these must be of mental nature, and ultimate reality is of the same nature as our consciousness. Physical facts, on the other hand, are mere phenomena, real only in the sense that they are symbols of the ultimate reality which they imperfectly represent. As an advocate of idealism Professor Strong distinguishes three types of it, and holds to "idealism of feeling" as more true to psychological facts than idealism of thought or of perception; that is, as we understand him, sentient mind, rather than merely thinking or cognitive mind, is the ultimate reality. Idealism of feeling "only bids us attribute to reality a nature like that which all forms of mental life have in common"—whether polyps or men. It is frankly admitted that "Berkeley's Divine Mind would satisfy the requirements of the case, but so also would Professor Clifford's Mind-stuff." These conclusions are built on an elaborate critique of the pyschophysical facts and the metaphysical principles involved, as well as of the nature of matter and mind and causation. The theory thence elaborated is that to which the term "panpsychism" has been applied. Further discussion of the subject is not unlikely, in our opinion, to follow the pointing of that term—a derivative from the Greek word denoting life. Consciousness is in itself a function of life. The ultimate reality, or thing-in-itself, is therefore not the mere function of consciousness, but the life to which it belongs.

Wisdom and Will in Education. By Charles William Super, Ph.D., LL.D. Myers, Fishel & Co., Harrisburg, Pa. 5½×8 in. 283 pages. $1.25.

The papers collected under this title are designed to fertilize the soil of thought from which ideals of education spring, in order to larger and better ideals. Their character is primarily sociological, and only secondarily educational. The author apparently thinks, with President Eliot, that symptoms of social deterioration indicate some defect in our educational system. He is even disposed to say, "We are, on the whole, more degenerate than other civilized nations." The book is evidently written for plain people, and may be read by them with profit.

Workingman and Social Problems (The). By Charles Stelzle. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 166 pages. 75c., net.

No one else has written more authoritatively of the relations of the workingman to the Church than the author of this book. His knowledge of workingmen is not merely that of a social investigator, but of a man who himself became a sweat-shop wage-earner at the age of eight, and had become a master mechanic before he entered the ministry. His religious life has only deepened his sympathy with the aspirations of wage-earners, and by his sympathy he has been able to learn from labor men all over the country what they really think—a kind of learning which unsympathetic investigators can never attain. At the same time, Mr. Stelzle's sympathy with workingmen has not put him out of sympathy with the Church, though, of course, he believes that the Church to-day has to a dangerous degree lost the working-class sympathies of its first century and of all its revival epochs. By his sympathy with the Church he is able to interpret it to workingmen, and without doubt his talks about the Church to them have been as helpful as his present talks about them to churchmen.

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It is just one year since I began to teach physical culture by mail, after twelve years of personal experience in prescribing individual work for women. I have never broken faith with my pupils, but have myself dictated every lesson. Were it not that pupils are finishing their courses daily, I could take no new ones. Fully one-third of the pupils who have worked with me this winter have been recommended to me by pupils who worked with me last year. If your vitality is at a low ebb, if you are troubled with any of the so-called chronic ailments—Constipation, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness; if you are **overly large** and wish to be reduced (and increase your vitality in reducing); if you are thin and want to put on flesh, you can do so by no better means than a course in scientific physical **culture.** The experience of hundreds of my pupils would bear me out in this. My work is not physical exercise alone. Women do not wish an athlete's strength, but that roundness and symmetry which has made woman's form a model for sculptors and painters, and they want that vivacity and force born of a healthful spirit which Emerson calls "the ecstasy of life." They want perfect health to make them cheerful wives, helpful companions, and better friends.

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My husband says: "If you had known Miss Cocroft a year ago we should have been saved $1,200 doctor bill."
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"I **sleep all night,** for which I cannot adequately express my thanks."
"Have not had a cold this winter. Have lost 20 pounds in flesh. My friends all note the difference in my size."
"My mother has been taking the exercises with me, and has lost entirely the **rheumatism** which troubled her for so long."
"My **constipation** is entirely relieved."
"My **indigestion** has all gone. I can sit down and eat as I have not done for years."
"My **complexion** is very decidedly clearer, and my eyes brighter."
"If the remaining three lessons do me as much good as the first three lessons, you will have done wonders. I am **never tired** now."
"I wish that more women would wake up and see what could be done for them. I cannot be thankful enough that I have made a start."
"I am still **well** in the **literal sense** of the word. Not a cold have I had, and never did I enjoy such wonderful health."

Letters similar to the above come to me from my pupils every day.

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SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 216, 57 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

NOTE: Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension work in physical culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.

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[Mention this magazine]

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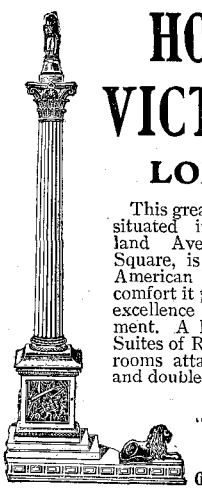

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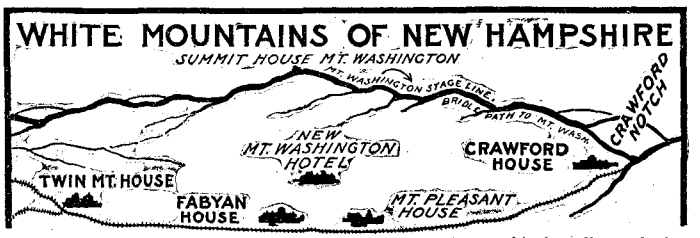

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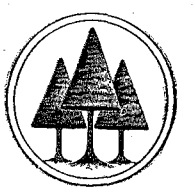

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